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May, 1949

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Columbia River Chinooks

By Dr. Todd V. Boyce

EARLY this spring the hidden longing to buy a boat came to the surface, and when my friend, Mr. Harold Rupard, of Bremerton, phoned me that he knew of a good buy over there, I jumped on the ferry and went over to inspect the craft. Mr. Rupard met me at the dock and we drove out along the bay to the address. The boat was a good one with trailer and motor, so before I left, the sale was made and I was the owner of my first sixteen foot outboard motor boat.

Fishing in Puget Sound is more or less apotty. The King Salmon and Silvers seem to have no special time to come into the rivers. They come into the Sound all through the summer and seem to be at their fall run the latter part of August and September, when the fishing is good. Boats are scarce or not to be had at all, unless early reservations are made. To overcome this problem a fisherman must have his own boat—hence my purchase.

Reports came from Neah Bay, out on Cape Flattery, that the Kings were coming in, so the second of July found us—my wife; Jimmy, aged seven; and myself on the way to the fishing grounds.

Early the 4th, the three of us were on the water. The wind came up and huge ground swells began to roll. My wife and Jimmy became seasick and I was forced to return. Later in the day I went out alone and fished. I first used a yellow Rosegard plug—then a pearl pink Martin. Like all fishermen, I kept trying. After perhaps an hour and one-half I changed to a copper spoon. I eased out the spoon on two hundred feet of line and trolled along. The wind had died down and the sun came out. It was glorious—then wham! My limber rod almost doubled. The fish sounded then almost as quickly, came to the surface and broke water. He was almost two hundred feet away, but I got a good look at him—a dandy. I played him for fifteen minutes and gradually eased him to the boat. Several times he broke water and at closer range—I estimated his weight at forty pounds. When fifteen feet from the boat and with his dorsal fin sticking out of the water, he made a terrific surge straight away. I had my thumb over the reel knob and before I could remove it, he straightened out my pole and line—snapped the forty-two pound wire leader, and was gone. I have handled big fish before—this was a new thing—I made a mistake and lost a fish.

The remainder of my stay the weather was bad and I fished but little. July 6th found me back on the job, but determined to get my quota of salmon before the season's end.

My parking lot owner informed me about the fishing at the mouth of the Columbia River. The fish began coming in the latter part of August, and so he told me to be there, if at all possible. Before the day's work was over I made the decision to go. Those who go must have their own equipment—tents, boats, trailers, motors, etc. I had that. It was quite a distance to haul a boat, some two hundred miles, but August 26th found us on our way. I had planned a week's vacation, and although it was raining, we were happy.

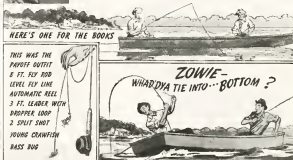
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Published Monthly by A. R. Harding Publishing Company
174 E. Long St., Columbus 13, Ohio

Vol. XXCVIII

MAY, 1949

No. 5

A. V. HARDING.....Editor
L. H. ADAMS.....Business Manager
Maurice H. Decker.....Gun Rack Editor
E. J. DAILEY.....Question Box Editor

Ben C. Robinson.....Fishing Editor

Cole & Mason, Mid-Western Adm. Mgr.
605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

J. H. Connor & Co., Western Adm. Mgr.
1175 Woodburn Rd., Pasadena 6, Calif.

Walter C. Ellis, Eastern Advertising Mgr.
1728 Grand Central Terminal, New York 17, N. Y.

HOME OFFICE, 174 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio

Subscription Price \$1.50 for 1 year \$2.50 for 2 years 20¢ a copy
Canadian \$1.75 for 1 year—Foreign \$2.25

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Some Facts And Fancies

By Robert Page Lincoln

SOME time ago in *Pur-Push-Game* and in other outdoor magazines I warned of the grave danger besetting the mountain regions of the West, which danger is most properly exemplified by the invasion of high-country areas by the cattlemen and the sheepmen whose livestock has been steadily on the increase and threatens to rob the high region of its grass by gnawing the same down to the very roots. It was over-grazing over much of the plains region that brought on the dust storms of some years ago, in that the cattle and sheep grubbed the grass off down to its roots thus giving the winds access to the soil and so tearing the remaining hold the grass had on the soil, whirling it away in huge dust clouds. As stated, the dust storms were largely traceable to this over-grazing condition; and nothing was done to halt the alarming condition until it was virtually too late.

I believe that a careful study has been made of grazing conditions in the plains region and it is possible that if plans are carried out that have been made the dust storms will not again become a national problem, and surely a problem of the West. However, it is also true that the mountain regions of the West, if invaded by the albed cattle and sheep interests will provoke an even greater peril than that evidenced by the late-lamented dust storms in the plains region.

It is a well known fact that the cattle and sheep interests are looking with covetous eyes on the public lands and forest areas of the West, in fact it has been said by some of the livestock interests that they will soon have access to all of these restricted areas and will turn their stock in on these protected government holdings. Thus our national parks and forests in the West are not as safe as one would suppose.

How the right to invade these areas will be brought about, no one knows but word has gone around that the present administration will see to it that the cattlemen and the sheepmen get what they want within the next few years, if not sooner.

The first blow to be struck will be the elimination of the soil conservation department and then a softening up period in which it will be stressed that there is a most urgent need for the production of more and more meat. That would mean the seeking of new forage areas, and such areas now are to be found only in the public lands, the forest areas and the national forests. Already there has been an invasion, to some extent, of such lands but this is but a few nips of grass so to speak in comparison to what is to come when hundreds of thousands of acres of the high country will be thrown open to the cattlemen and sheepmen. Already the erosion peril has

obtained new impetus and when these hills and slopes are systematically grazed there will be increased erosion for there will be nothing to hold back the water that will eat into the slopes and so wash away the soil.

Up to date this grass has flourished in the high country. But let the cattle and sheep in and that grass will disappear as if by magic and nothing but denuded hills will result, with nothing to dam and hold the water back. Thus the erosion peril will become the greatest peril that the West has to face. Already the streams are being swelled with eroded soil to the extent that some of them, normally fairly clear, now look like the Missouri River at its worst.

What will happen when the mountain region, the forest areas and the national forests are grazed over is anyone's guess. The floods which in recent years have menaced the West are largely traceable to excessive over-grazing already. What will happen later on when the whole hill country, now protected, will be grazed over? To say that we are on the way to making the entire West a desert is not just an intimation of things to come but is a concrete truth.

It is possible that from now on you will hear voices raised in opposition to the cattlemen and sheep-owners in the West, although to date it has been my impression that conservationists in the West have been lukewarm and hesitant with regard to voicing their feelings in any matters having to do with saving the West out-of-doors from ruin. John Baumann, outfitter at Ketchum, Idaho has been one of the outspoken westerners who has taken up the cudgels in behalf of saving the Primitive Area of Idaho. Baumann states regarding the Idaho situation:

"The situation in the Idaho mountain country, with regard to conservation and preservation of its wild life, is at a critical climax. The approximately complete utilization of all the National Forest mountain country that can support domestic sheep or wild life, has been guided to a great extent by the desires of the woolgrowers and has limited the wild life of the same to little more than that required as seed for the possible time when conservation of the National Forests may again be in practice. The only real exceptions to this general condition have been two Primitive Areas and one mountain area at the southern edge of the state that is mostly cattle range, and, as a controlled deer hunting area is not of much interest save as meat-shedding region. The one of these Primitive Areas has been, as I told you, the one and only large mountain area in the United States that contained all of the mountain wild life in its original condition and abundance, unmodified, unfed, unfenced, by man. But within the past ten years the works



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of the Forest Service have been apparently in the direction of immediate results for potent private pressures, and away from the conservation and preservation of this great National property. Their works have included, and in a large part, accomplished, destruction of this Primitive Area of Idaho. They have included destruction of much of the Area's wild life!

"In your mind," continues Baumann, "why should the Forest Service personnel destroy this Primitive Area? The only reason or reasons would be the reasons of pressure or inducement by persons who may profit by having it available for other utilization. Due to the very deep canyons and the abrupt terrain the area has no feasible utilization save to be exploited for its original ground vegetation, with domestic sheep. If so grazed over it would mean that those steep slopes would lose their invaluable soil cover, it would destroy the Area's value as a watershed, and within a few years it would cease to be either suitable for domestic animals, let alone wild life. Even now the penetration of the upper slopes of the drainage of the 'was-to-be' Primitive Area by domestic sheep, has resulted in soil movement to the extent that the Middle Fork River, which drains the Area, is running muddy in the springtime instead of clear as it was years ago. In addition to this destruction of vegetation and terrain, the sands from the soil washed from the upper slopes, are now covering gravel of the stream bottoms with most unfortunate effect upon the trout, as the interstices in the gravels that are now becoming sand-filled, are essential for the developing and production of food for the trout. The covering of the gravel with sand also means the smothering of the eggs and the young of the salmon that spawn in the gravels.

"The situation is serious. It is very serious if we have any intention of comprehensively conserving and preserving

the National Forests of this Idaho mountain country. In addition to utilizing the summer range of the wild life as grazing tracks for domestic sheep there has been the making of many landing strips for airplanes, coupled with wide-open invitation to private and commercial pilots that they use these landing strips. In this respect, most of these landing strips have been made at, or near, the bottom of the canyons, as for instance on the Middle Fork River, which is in the winter range of the wild life but more particularly the winter range of the deer. To aid in accomplishing the destruction of the wild life there has been accomplished an extension of the open season on deer on their winter range to one month after the normal season in the mountain country. This extension of the season carries the open season on the deer over into the time when the snow of the high country has driven the deer down onto the winter range in close proximity of the landing fields, where they may be killed off approximately 50%. The average estimate of the men most familiar with the wildlife of the area, at both before the Forest Service destruction efforts and at now, places the remaining deer at approximately 20% of estimate of years ago. Additional destruction of the deer congregated on the winter range, which would include bucks, does and fawns, in this so-called Primitive Area, is going ahead at the time of this writing, November, 1948. The condition of the other wild life is little or no improvement over that of the deer. In the case of the mountain goats and big horn sheep of the region, these may be spotted by airplanes working from the landing fields. Incidental to that, and very important, I must tell you that the unattended landing fields provided by the Forest Service in this so-called "wild" stand of our wildlife in its original home, has been a heavily accepted invitation to the destructive elements of this and surrounding states. The destructive element in this case are persons who recognize no seasons, no slightest sense of conservation and no limits as applied to themselves. This battle of destruction versus preservation is at a very critical point in this portion of Idaho right now. The decision must soon be made by yourself and others as to whether the fish and game of this Area is to be sacrificed at the name of an incompetent Forest Service, or whether some other department might be devised to see to it that the region is preserved in its entirety. Personally I am of the opinion that if conservation here is to be accomplished, then this Primitive Area would best be taken from the administration of the Forest Service and turned over to some agency whose personnel have not been deflected away from National property conservation purposes. I would certainly recommend to you, that if we intend to keep vegetation cover, soil cover, wild life on the National Forest within our mountain areas that these National Forests be entirely and immediately withdrawn from utilization for the grazing of domestic sheep; and be kept so until such time as the administration of the mountain National Forests may have worked out some plan that will prevent their being grazed over the ridges and basins of the higher altitudes, as also on all the high ridges and steep slopes. None of these can stand this ceaseless grazing as you doubtless know. There is no evidence at present that there will be

any correction of these matters. It is a national problem. It is national land administered by a national agency. Time should not be lost. This type of destruction to a large extent, is permanent!"

The Forest Service Viewpoint

In many ways Mr. Baumann's assertions could be duplicated by observations of other individuals in other sections of the West. As to whether Mr. Baumann has exaggerated the amount of harm being done in the Primitive Area of Idaho is something that must be decided first by obtaining the point of view of the Forest Service in the matter and then again from accredited sportsmen and conservation organizations of the state. It is, in other words, a case of sifting all viewpoints to get at the heart of the matter. One might be led to believe (true or otherwise) that Mr. Baumann has exaggerated the amount of harm being done, while, on the other hand, one might believe (true or otherwise) that the Forest Service has built an air-tight case for itself by showing the amount of good being done; that opposing remarks are misleading and do not detail the true facts of the case. Hence several viewpoints have to be sounded out. Of course the Forest Service should have the true facts and we are glad to say that we have obtained facts on this Idaho Primitive Area that should be presented in print. Our concern so far as over-grazing is concerned, and the possibility of opening the national forests and forest areas to the grazing of cattle and sheep is concerned, is not lulled to sleep necessarily by pleasant dreams. We know that there is due to be an onslaught on the national forests and like areas in the interest of grazing. Therefore, while conditions now may not have approached over-grazing, still there lurks the danger of the government, through high-financed pressure, yielding to the livestock growers of the West; and they might do so willingly since their slogan of "meat and more meat" will be one of the things they aim will keep them in power—and we do mean the present administration.

Following are the remarks of Mr. W. B. Rice, Regional Forester, Ogden, Utah regarding the Primitive Area of Idaho:

"For your information there are six primitive areas in this region under the administration of the Forest Service. They include the High Uintas in Utah, the Bridger and Teton Primitive Areas in Wyoming, the Hoover in the High Sierras of California and the Sawtooth and Idaho Primitive Areas in Idaho. All of these primitive areas were created upon the recommendations of the Regional Forester and by approval of the Chief of the Forest Service. It should be said that all but the Idaho Primitive Area were created from sold federal ownerships. They are all smaller than the Idaho Primitive Area. They do not contain private lands with private developments on them nor mineral-rich areas and mineral operations to complicate the administration of them. These five areas do not contain anywhere near the vast acreage and volume of timber to magnify the problem of forest fire protection. These areas do not represent any serious fire protection problems. They have no landing fields nor do we have plans for any such developments in them. In substance these are all fine areas and have no serious problems within them which are adverse to the purposes of wilderness area protection.

"These primitive areas are all grazed

to some extent by livestock under permit, although much of the heavily timbered area and rough country is waste from a livestock grazing standpoint. Managed grazing of livestock under permit, as you perhaps know, may be an authorized use of a primitive or a wilderness area. The objective in livestock management in the national forest is to maintain productivity of the forage species and other cover and to prevent erosion. Some harvesting of the forage by grazing to reduce inflammable cover is an aid to forest fire control in much of the interior area.

"The Idaho Primitive Area represents an entirely different situation. When it was created on March 17, 1931 it contained 1,087,744 acres. On June 14, 1937 it was enlarged by an additional 145,000 acres making a total area of 1,232,744 acres. As now bounded, it includes a portion of the Payette, Challis, Salmon and Boise National Forests. It is a big interior region. The present area is about equal to an average sized national forest.

"This primitive area contains approximately five billion feet of timber. Within the area there are an average of about 70 fires started from lightning annually. More than 100 have occurred in one high hazard season. In times past, severe damage to cover and watersheds has occurred. Large forest fires have been the cause for considerable damage to certain of the watershed areas. A problem of erosion follows until cover is adequately restored. Fire protection over the years has been a big and very difficult problem. However, much progress has been made in recent years in reducing the burned area losses through the smoke jumper methods of fire control, by which trained fire fighters parachute from airplanes to suppress fires. There are yet about 25 patented homesteads and 81 patented mining claims in the area. Most of these were patented prior to the creation of the primitive area and nearly all prior to the creation of the national forest. There is quite a large coverage of active and inactive mining locations over many of the drainages. It is well established that certain portions of this primitive area do contain valuable deposits of mineral. It contains the historical Thunder Mountain mining district, also the Dewey and Sunnyvale mines in addition to some new discoveries. You perhaps also know that the wilderness area regulations of the Department of Agriculture do not operate to interfere with the mining laws nor with the regulations of the Department of the Interior governing prospecting and mining. Certain of the private ownerships are used for commercial resorts and other private tracts are potential for similar development. The private tracts are also more or less used for the grazing of livestock. There are airplane landing fields on six privately owned tracts and one on state land.

"The Forest Service, as you doubtless know, has no jurisdiction over any of these private lands or their use, including the use of these landing fields, even though they are located in the primitive area. An exception, of course, is in the event an unpatented mining location is being used illegally for purposes other than mining.

"It should be said that the State of Idaho, under the Pittman-Robertson Act, has acquired a few private tracts to provide winter range for game. However, the tracts which have been developed for resort use or which are po-



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tential for such development will require bigger money to acquire. How and when such funds will be available for the acquisition of the private resort areas is something for the future to unfold. The more restriction placed on the use of national forest lands, the more valuable do the private lands become and the more difficult it is to acquire or retain them in public ownership.

"The only authority the Forest Service has to acquire private lands in this area is by donation or by exchange based on the watershed, timber and grazing values. Federal acquisition by exchange, we have found, is not a safe procedure to follow here since the Attorney General in very recent years has ruled that lands acquired by exchange are again subject to location under the mining laws. There would, therefore, be a threat of losing land so acquired. Traces of gold can be found over most of these drainages. While mineral showing may not be sufficient in many cases to warrant the issuance of a patent, it may be sufficient under the present laws and regulations of the Department of the Interior to allow a prospector to hold a claim for quite an indefinite period in the hope of developing a producing mine out of it.

"It will be understood from the above that the creation of the Idaho Primitive Area was, in part at least, more of an objective of what may be made of it. This large area could not be created out of all virgin area in solid federal ownership free of complicated situations, as were the other five areas, one of which is also in Idaho. It has not yet, therefore, been officially created as a Wilderness Area under the revised regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture.

"The conditions under which this primitive area was created provided for the construction of low standard motor ways for fire control purposes. However, the efficiency which the smoke jumper method of control has been developed has relieved the necessity of constructing the motor ways. It was necessary, however, to construct landing fields for emergency use, to permit the quick return of the trained crew to its base or other points of need and for rapid transfer of equipment from area to area. Our fire control organization considers it absolutely essential in recognizing its responsibilities in fire control to have either the network of motor ways as originally planned, or to have these emergency landing fields available for the safety of our crews, in the protection of this million and a quarter acres. There is a great risk to personnel involved in the detection and suppression of forest fires in this area. Emergency landing fields are necessary. The safety of our personnel must be given adequate consideration in connection with this hazardous employment. It can be readily understood that there is far less marking of the landscape by the construction of a few landing fields than there would be by the construction of a system of motor ways to the interior for fire protection purposes. Present methods of control are far more efficient than the slower ground transportation methods formerly used. Six landing fields on national forest land are new in use.

"The Wildlife is under the jurisdiction of the State. There is, however, close coordination between the State Game Department of Idaho, the Idaho Wildlife Federation and the Forest Service in the harvesting of the game crop pro-

duced. Some of the unfavorable factors in harvesting the excess is the heavy spoilage of meat in transit. The limited capacity of the range suitable for winter grazing, in relation to the present population of deer and elk, now also present a very difficult management problem. For example, the deer herd in the middle fork of Salmon River has pyramided to high peaks three times to become out of balance with its available winter food supply in the past two decades, only to be reduced severely by starvation losses. Such over-grazing has progressively reduced the productivity of the winter range for deer. There is, however, a fair recovery of the deer herd for the sake of game is now because of the inaccessibility of the country. The estimated population of deer and elk when the area was created in comparison to the census taken for 1948 is as follows:

Time of Creation	1948 Census
Deer	18,000 18,000
Elk	1,000 6,000

The normal expected annual increase from this stock of game is estimated to be about 25 per cent for deer and about 18 per cent for elk or roughly 4,000 deer and 1,000 elk.

"The problem of harvesting the crop of game produced each year and the importance of combining airplane and pack horse transportation for more rapid movement to prevent spoilage of meat in transit, is well-known to the State Department and to the Idaho Wildlife Federation. It should be said also that there is not the horse feed at many of the strategic points of need on the main routes of travel to supply feed for all the transportation stock which would be needed to harvest the annual game crop. It, therefore, is not entirely feasible to adequately harvest the game crop by pack horse methods alone.

"The number of livestock grazed under permit upon the creation of the primitive area in relation to the number now authorized to graze is as follows:

Time of Creation	1948 Census
No. of Permits	22 15
Cattle & Horses	465 297
Sheep	17,630 5,400

The number of transportation stock is now estimated to be 650 annually. This is several times the number which were grazed upon the creation of the primitive area. The forced transportation stock along the narrow drainage bottoms is becoming a serious problem in certain portions of the primitive area. You will understand from the above that there has been no invasion of new livestock use but rather there has been a substantial reduction over the number which were permitted when the area was created, excepting for transportation stock. No use by the established permittees. The sheep allotments comprise less than 10 per cent of the gross area. It can be seen that with only 297 cattle and 5,400 sheep permitted on this one and a quarter million acres in 1948, there is much misinformation in circulation concerning the extent of grazing in this primitive area.

"There was one improved landing field on private land and two on National Forest land in use prior to the creation of the primitive area. There is evidently some misunderstandings as to the authorized uses when the primitive area was established. The charter under which this primitive area was created (Continued on page 19)



The Fly and Spinner

By Robert Page Lincoln

Part II

AS previously stated the fly and spinner combination, overall, is meant to imitate some manner of minnow, possibly one with flashing sides, much like the shiner. The fly in itself does not convey that impression but the spinner does, so it can be taken for granted that the spinner is the focal point of the attention of the fish. Obviously therefore, the spinner counts for a great deal indeed, if not more so than the fly then equally so. There are some of the impression that the fly and spinner is some manner of swimming creature that is chasing a shiner, that is, following close behind it. It is not impossible to conceive of something of the sort. In any event we do know that there is something about it that will excite the fancy of the preying fish and will cause it to strike the combination as it is, taking the spinner and fly all in one mouthful. This impression of something chasing a minnow is even more perfectly carried out in the case of two spinners on the shaft where the illusion of one minnow chasing another is even more effectively emphasized.

Regarding this tandem, or double spinner-on-shaft arrangement, I believe that those who use the fly and spinner in its single spinner form are unaware of the value of a double spinner on the shaft. For ordinary fishing I would not use the same, but where one is fishing water that is the least bit rolled, it will be found that the double spinner shows up effectively where the single spinner may be lost to view. I like to use the double spinner by letting the same work with the current seventy-five feet or more and so drop down into a pool. One can use the double spinner effectively here because where there is fretted or white water in a pool a single spinner might be lost to view but double spinner will show up effectively. One advantage of standing upstream, more or less centrally located above a pool, is that you can direct the "route" of the lure down the stream so that it will topple, without warning, into the white water of the pool and so at once startle to attention any good-sized occupants of that pool. As is well known, in the life of the pool larger fish invariably lie at the head of the same, obviously to catch anything that drops down with the current. In other words the big fellows, by right of size, get first crack at any food that may come down with the stream. That being so it is obvious that the bass or trout, as the case may be, lying at the head of the pool are the first to see the lure. I might mention that you will find the same conditions carried out here with bass as with trout. Your larger bass will invariably be at the head of the pool. The mode in fishing the lure here is to let the fly and spinner (single or double, whichever you will) drop down into the pool. As it drops down, draw the lure up a few inches, then let it drop back, continuing a twitching movement of the rod-tip which will cause the hackle at the head of the fly

to open and close and so lend double enchantment as it were, to the lure. Start working the lure as it drops down into the pool which will lend the impression to the fish watching in the pool that it is a minnow or some such creature that has been washed down with the stream that is trying to make his way back up. That would (and is) definitely simulated by the drop-back (or down) and the drawing of the lure up, only to drop back as though the minnow was unable to make it. After a lifetime of use of the fly and spinner combination I would say that this is the most seductive, attractive way of using the fly and spinner, and the condition of a stream and a pool in which to let this lure down in is well nigh perfect. The setting cannot be equalled and this applies for bass in a stream (and pool) as well as trout. It was many years after I first used the

method of pool-fishing as outlined on small-mouth bass, that I tried the same on trout of many species and found that the same condition of the larger fish being at the head of the pool was carried out with trout as well as bass. Fact is, up in Michigan, I took one of the largest small-mouths in my recollection with that method of a "drop-down" into the pool of a lure of the sort. The fish, as I remember it, weighed something like five and one half pounds. I have never taken any of those six, seven or eight pounders in northern waters. In the small-mouth bass species that you hear so much about,



The author with bass taken on the fly and spinner combination. These are stream bass taken in the pools, what is more, they are large-mouth bass!

One value connected with standing seventy-five, even one hundred feet above a pool and letting your lure slide down with the current into that pool is that the fish have not the slightest awareness of your presence or approach. Without warning, there the lure will be; no suspicion has been aroused. The fish is definitely caught unaware. As stated a single spinner on shaft with the lure will do well under ordinary conditions, but if the water is rolled, then use a double spinner on the shaft.

The size of spinner used on shaft in combination with a fly is of no little importance. Spinners, I believe, that are suitable for use with flies, as cast and operated with the fly rod, are about four in number, namely, the so-called "bird's eye" spinner, No. 6; the No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3. For use in panfish fishing and for small trout I would say that the bird's eye spinner (No. 6) and the No. 1, are just about right. It is, admittedly, a tiny little thing, hardly larger than a bird's eye in a way. This is used on a shaft with a typical trout fly, preferably wingless of course. I would say for these tiniest of the flies and spinners that they need to be used with a tapered leader with a very fine point, as the connection is of great importance. The No. 2 and 3 spinners-on-shaft are, by far, the most popular, the No. 2 probably being the most desired of all as it can be used in combination with the No. 1/0 bass fly and this, by far, leads over all

fly sizes in being the most popular. On this bass fly, too, you will be able to take some of the largest of the crappies and sunfish. Indeed I hesitate to state what is possible if you ever light into a school of crappies with a No. 2 spinner and No. 1/0 bass fly. I am quite sure that those fishermen who believe that you cannot get fish unless you use live minnows would receive the surprise of their lives if they started using the fly rod and flies and spinners in combination. It certainly would change their

the fly and spinner considerably in the South. I have almost always used the nickel spinner and not a gold one. The same condition of fish not taking a gold finish on spinners in the South would seem to apply also to spoons of all kinds that have a metal finish. How true this predilection of the fish for the nickel and not the gold spinner, I, I do not know but we would certainly like to have added information on this subject from southern fishermen.

You will find sooner or later in your

cause the fish to be suspicious. But where the spinner turns quickly, in a split-second fashion, instantaneous results are possible. I would say that one of the best places to use the fly and spinner combination for smallmouth bass is along shores that are rocky and have submerged tumbles of rocks and boulders under which the smallmouth bass is generally busy grubbing for crayfish (fresh water crabs), and which they seem to have a mania for uncovering and extracting from their retreats. In the wing-dams of the Mississippi in the days of years ago, between Read's Landing and La Crosse, Wisconsin (these wing-dams being rocks dumped in the river in a straight line out from shore to keep the current out in the river instead of spread over wide areas), the bass were wont to grub endlessly for crabs, in fact time and again we would take bass whose jaw rims were worn off or deformed from this endless rooting. It is when one sees something like this that he realizes the smallmouth bass is a crab specialist first, and a minnow-taker after. However, present a glittering spinner and fly to one of these bass grubbing among the rocks and boulders and the chances are, 99 times out of a hundred, that he will grab it.

In trout fishing with the dry fly you will hear about "fishing the rise." This simply means that the fisherman watches the water with a keen eye, to detect where a trout is feeding, always indicated by some manner of action in the water, sometimes just a dimpling of the water or a ripple where a rise has been made to an insect. Having noted this actual presence of a trout that is feeding the dry fly fisherman casts and floats a fly over that trout, aiming to take that fish. In like manner one can practice fishing the rise on bass with the fly and spinner. This does not mean that you fish only to the rise as does the purist dry fly trout fisherman, but rather that as you work along you keep an eye open and if you see a swirl you fish to that swirl, since bass generally make more of a commotion in the water than does a trout under the same circumstances. If you can cast to that swirl in something on the order of split second timing you stand a good show of taking that fish. If ever bass fishing in this country becomes more than a slam-bang, haphazard, catch-as-catch-can performance, then I would say that spinner and fly fishing, and fishing the rise, will be very much thought of and will stand high among the methods of taking bass, especially the smallmouth bass which I consider to be of the gamiest fish inhabiting our fresh waters.

One supreme value so far as the fly and spinner, as used on smallmouth bass, is concerned is that with the fly rod you can cover water (a shoreline) very closely, placing your casts sometimes hardly more than a foot apart. Opposed to this when casting a shoreline with a plug, even with two fishing in a boat, your casts may be all the way from five to ten feet apart. I mention this because the manner in which most of those who row a boat are concerned, they row the same too fast for careful coverage of the water. When it is considered that some believe in long casts with the bait rod your coverage of the grounds is even more scant and uncertain. Too, your boat, is always on the move, making it quite impossible to comb a shoreline even with two fishing plugs or bait casting lures being used in a boat. With the fly rod things are reversed. Here your casts are fairly short,



The fly and spinner is in its element in the West. Here are typical spinner and fly waters that produce top results in trout.

whole outlook on life, that's for sure.

In many ways I believe the No. 3 spinner best suited for use in turbulent water, as in rushing streams, pools, etc. The reason for this is not hard to seek for, in that being larger than the No. 2 spinner it will show up that much more vividly in the water, giving a greater gleam. One company specializes in the use of the gold spinner, and where this is an actual plating and not a metal imitation the spinner can be polished to give a particularly fine gleam in the water. However, I am given to believe, after using the fly and spinner combination all my life, that you will find the so-called nickel or "silver" spinner to meet just about all demands and it is for this reason I give it first recommendation. I am told that in the South a gold spinner is of little use. I must confess that while I have fished

spinner and fly fishing that it is of the greatest importance that you have a quick-starting spinner on the shaft. A spinner that will start moving the minute it hits water has, by far, the advantage of the spinner that you have to coax along and which seems to get hung up or lies close to the shaft and does not start spinning right away. I say that it is of the "greatest importance" that the spinner start working immediately on contact with the water and this will be especially true in instances where you are fishing to a rise or movement of a fish in the water. You may drop that lure six inches or a foot away from his honorable snout and the strike will come so quickly that it is likely to take the breath out of you. Now should there be a "drag" of the spinner so that it does not turn right away the lure will seem anything but alive and so may

most bass being taken as close as forty feet or less from shore. In bass bug fishing an even shorter distance is used in casts the same being sometimes not more than 25 or 30 feet. Will Dill, back in the old days on the Mississippi River, we remember, did most of his bass bug fishing at a distance of no more than 30 feet from the boat. The idea that you have to cast across a whole county to obtain the maximum in bass is not borne out by the facts of the case as in most instances three-fourths of the catches are within 25 feet of the boat. If you do not believe this, check on your fishing this summer and see for yourself.

In fly and spinner fishing for bass along the shores you can not only place your casts a foot or two apart (excellent coverage) but you work your lure in the water only for a distance of four to six feet (six feet at the most) before you pick the fly and spinner up and make another cast to another point. The bait caster cannot do this but must reel right in to the boat before making another cast. If he is 50 to 75 feet from the boat he loses all of the valuable time in reeling the lure out to the boat. In the meantime the boat is moving right along and sometimes even as much as ten to twenty feet of good water is lost to casting owing to the time utilized in reeling in. During this same passage of time the fly caster would have put in from six to ten or more casts. Where bass are feeding along the shore I would say that your fish is taken within five or six feet of the shore. Some may want to fight with pistols at dawn over this, their contention being that this is not so. Too, they will state that bass often follow the lure out from the shore and take it mid-way of the boat or right at the boat. Possibly two or three out of ten bass (or less) may do this but mostly they will be taken close in on shore—if you are strictly shore fishing. Given careful coverage of grounds with the fly rod you have a far greater chance of taking fish than under any other circumstances. The only other alternative so far as the bait caster is concerned, is to move along very slowly and to give the grounds a thorough coverage, and that is rarely done. I still believe that if the average bait caster would spend his time in one small bay and would cover it thoroughly instead of chasing down ten miles of shoreline at random he would do far better in his fishing. But that of course is a matter everyone has to decide for himself. There are some you could not pay to use a fly rod in any manner of fishing, and, vice versa, there are some who would not use anything else. There may be back sliders in the bait rod division who would use the fly rod if they were shown bass that have been taken on the fly rod, however I would say that the sharp increase in the use of the fly rod has been through taking panfish on such outfits rather than bass. From panfish fishing with the fly rod into bass fishing is only one brief step, and it is possible that in the future one will see hundreds of fly rod fishermen for bass who have graduated from the panfish class into the bass division.

One thing I would like to make clear, namely, that your smallmouth bass is far more liable to take your fly and spinner than your largemouth bass. I have often mentioned that the smallmouth bass in many ways shows a distinct trout character, or characteristics. This is certainly the case as em-

phasized in its taking of fly lures. Too, your smallmouth bass is more often a stream fish, whereas the largemouth bass is a lake fish being all too often found in waters so vegetated and filled with junk and hazards of all kinds that the use of a fly rod, under circumstances of the sort, are not to be thought of. Here it is obvious that weedless lures must be used; and in such cases even your plug lures with exposed or bare ganghooks will be found quite useless. In those situations or grounds where there is a fringing of pads around the shores, or trees and stumps, etc., with clear water outside, there you will find

the use of the fly rod and the fly and spinner, is that small bass only will be taken on this lure but that the larger bass will fall to the plug or bait rod lure. I can honestly say in my own experience, from "away back when" that I have taken as large smallmouth bass on the fly rod with the fly and spinner as on the bait rod. As mentioned in a previous article on this subject I have taken muskellunge up to 25 pounds on the same fly and spinner lure, and great northern pike up to fifteen pounds; rainbows up to ten and twelve pounds and other fish in proportion. I have this as a basis for my own observations. The



White waters, always a welcome sight to the fly and spinner expert. They come big in these pools!

that largemouth bass can be taken with fair ease on the fly and spinner, but surely not with the ease with which a smallmouth bass will take the same lure. The smallmouth bass is a far finer sporting fish than the largemouth which, in spite of its fame, must be admitted to be a glut of the first water. The possibility exists always that he will plom onto a plug the size of a weimer but would not pay too great heed to a fly and spinner. Our best luck on the largemouth bass with the fly and spinner has been in fishing the rise, that is marking down where a swirl has occurred and then casting to that swirl. This is often easier done with a fly rod than with a bait rod.

One complaint always made as against

belief that to get large fish you need large lures is gradually being dissipated into thin air, and that surely is the case now that the bass are becoming more and more educated to "modern tackle" and have learned through the instinctive demands of self preservation that everything that ploughs its way through the water is not roast turkey with stuffing and gravy but is a devilish achievement in the fine art of murder. They may not appreciate the fact in just that manner of comprehension but they do very well with what instincts they have and which stand them well in stead.

So it can be seen that in much fished water it is not only the right step to make, but the logical one, namely, to

(Continued on page 28)

Millet, Corn, and Quackers

By Wallace R. Labisky

THE time-old adage that gold is where you find it, applies to duck shooting as well. Wild-fowling, as a collective group of individuals, are inclined to regard rough, stormy weather as the manifest reason behind the makings of a good shoot. How true this is, for I know that ducks are addicted to flight when the weather is almost unfit for humans to be about. But, excellent shooting may be also had during "bluebird" weather if the gunner will sit down and give the situation a thought or two.

This is where the subject of food comes in. Waterfowl, like the rest of us, must have something to satisfy their hunger whether the weatherman frowns or smiles; so fair weather or foul, there is good shooting to be had if you know where to look for it. Find out what food the quacker relishes and you have the answer. Finding this solution doesn't necessarily entail a great deal of work. In fact, it's quite simple to discover the number one delicacy on the duck's diet. Fishermen often do a post-mortem on members of the piscatorial tribe to see what they are striking on, likewise, the contents of a duck's crop or gizzard will supply the desired information for the hunter anxious to be affed.

Out here on the Dakota prairies, wild-fowling opens the season on locally hatched birds and from then on the general opinion is that no shooting worth mention is to be had until the arrival of the northern fight. This is not because of a scarcity of "native fowl" but due to mild, mellow, autumn weather and the increased wariness of ducks that survived the opening day bombardment. Unless a rough day comes along, the majority of duck hunters desert their blinds and go either in quest of upland birds or do no hunting at all until the "northern" start drifting down. There is really no just cause for this period of inactivity on the wild-fowler's part, for there is fair to good shooting to be had for the taking, if the gunner uses his head. All of this leading up to a little yarn I have to spin, which I hope will illustrate and prove the foregoing thoughts.

One September afternoon while preparing a bag of opening day teal, pintails and mallards for the oven, I discovered that their crops were filled to overflowing with millet. New millet is a sorghum that is grown for grain and one the river and pond ducks are very fond of. That set me to thinking. Knowing there were numerous millet fields in the immediate vicinity I had only to locate one in which ducks were in the habit of feeding and it would

be a cinch to get at least one good shoot out of that particular field before it was "burned" out.

From a vantage point atop our ranch house, I checked the surrounding countryside with binoculars for a few minutes at a time on several consecutive days. The weather was beautiful, with warm hazy afternoons, in fact, too nice to even think of duck shooting. But I continued the vigil until I got results. Ducks were gorging themselves in a partially harvested millet field only a couple of miles away, so Dad and I made plans to be there at daylight the next morning.

A thunderstorm brewed up during the night and gradually transformed into a steady downpour. Waking, I simply

I joined Dad who was waiting in the car and after fifteen minutes of spinning, sliding and grinding, we arrived at the field.

Cold rain hitting the back of my neck and whistling things in the darkness overhead were a great help in bringing me to my senses, but it wasn't until Dad fired a broadside at a string of passing mallards and I heard two ducks thump the soft, moist earth that I became wide awake and ready for action.

At the sound of gunfire an army of ducks roared aloft; they were all about that hundred-acre field like so many flies around a garbage dump, if you'll pardon the comparison. Mallards, pintails, widgeon, gadwall and teal; there was no discerning between the species.

But one kind of duck is just as tough a target as another so it made little difference to me whether I bagged a mallard or a spoonbill.

The curtain of darkness was slow in receding on account of the black, rain-filled sky; but in spite of the dim light Dad went to work on those juvenile quackers with deadly accuracy. My shooting, even when visibility is good, is nothing to brag about and this was during the war years when ammunition was none too plentiful I was forced to be rather conservative with my shots.

I had with me about fifteen heavy duck loads in No. 6 shot and an equal number of trap loads in No. 8 shot; with that number of shells I hoped to bag the limit of fifteen quackers. An average of three shots per duck in the bag is generally considered as excellent shooting, but I was confident that I could make two shots do the trick if I could keep myself from trying those high-fliers that I have such a yen for shooting at.

The field contained three or four patches of sunflowers which had been by-passed with the harvesting machines, and anyone who has done much field shooting on ducks knows that any patch of weeds will serve as a suitable blind. I selected one of these "jungles" while Dad took up a stand in another, and then we went to work with our calls, giving 'em the old feeding yammer. Every few minutes new strings of fowl would come hedge-hopping in from the lakes to the south.

Dad usually got the first chance to work those big flocks over, and then I would call the scattered remnants within range of my hair-out and give them "what for" all over again.

After mulling the first two or three chances, I finally cooled down and began to fold those immature pintails and gadwall with clock-like regularity. In due time, inflated ego was respon-



The author with a pair of canvassbacks.

dismissed all duck shooting possibilities. In the first place I would rather sleep late; subconsciously listening to rain drops pattering on the roof is a peaceful sound and soothing to the nerves. And secondly, I dislike any kind of hunting when it's raining. But Dad had other thoughts in mind when he roused me out.

"Wally!" he shouted from downstairs. I uttered a few incoherent phrases and turned over to catch an additional forty winks.

"Wally!" he roared again. "Do you want to go huntin' or don't you?"

"The roads are too muddy, aren't they?"

"We can drive on the grass if we have to," he encouraged. "Come on . . . we'll try for an hour before breakfast."

The "before breakfast" part wasn't such good news, but half asleep, I methodically struggled into my hunting regalia and hip-boots, waking the entire household as I stumbled down the stairs and into the pantry where I groped for a handful of cookies to fortify myself against the wet, black outside world. Grabbing my shotgun,

able for an outburst of wild shooting on my part and consequently my meager supply of duck loads dwindled away like ice cream on a hot July day. I used to turn up my nose at trap loads, and standard loads too for that matter, my contentions being that high-velocity fodder was the only medicine for duck and pheasant shooting, but wartime shortages did much to change my views.

In an hour's time we had grassed about ten web-foots apiece and the field was temporarily "burned" out, the feeding now taking place in an adjacent wheat stubble. So, after a brief council of war, hungry and more than a little damp from the continual down-pour we headed for the car.

Sloshing along through the wet stubble, whistling wings prompted me to turn, and looking back, I saw a flock of about twenty pintails circling. Instinctively, I hit the mud and through the medium of the call began informing the flock of quackers that here was the best tasting millet in the country. Banking sharply, they circled and swung, offering me a broadside as they bunched and dipped at about forty-five yards. Even though my double gun contained only trap loads, I elected to take a chance, for nothing ventured, nothing gained, as the old saying goes. A chunky mallard hen in the center of the flock, appearing very conspicuous among the more slender, racy sprigs, caught my eye.

The modified barrel belched forth, with no results. Then the full choke tube roared. Much to my surprise, not only the hen mallard crumpled, but four pintails as well—all of them being killed cleanly! Talk about luck . . .

The rain continued to soak up things for a period of forty-eight hours and on the afternoon of the following day I managed to negotiate the roads once more. About a quarter-mile from the millet field I stopped the pick-up truck to pay my respects to a Chinese rooster, and at the sound of the gunshot the air above the field filled with fowl.

To make a long story short, I collected ten ducks in about a half-hour and by that time, besides being soaked to the skin, I had all the ducks I cared to kill, even though the law allowed five more. Four of these were widgones, singles that were folded high overhead. The other six were young pintails and I begged them with one shot, but this time I wasn't using a trap load.

Seeing the heads of feeding birds above the stubble, I lined a patch of sunflowers between the ducks and myself, and began the stalk. I reached the stand of weeds and after moving through the thickets I estimated the ducks to be about sixty yards distant. While debating what to do, the ducks beat the air with a thundering roar. I fired one load of sixes slightly above the mass of stretching heads and necks and six pintails fell out.

Now many, upon reading this, are bound to criticize my hunting methods as unscrupulous and call me a meat hunter and game hog. But, in view of the extensive damage ducks cause when they feed upon crops, either standing or in the process of being harvested, I think my actions were justified. Moreover, as I previously stated, this field was in the process of being harvested, but because of wet weather these operations had been delayed; and I know this fact to be true: The quackers cleaned this particular field before the weather was such that the farmer could turn a wheel. The loss, without a doubt, ran

into a four-number figure.

Most river and pond ducks go for grain in a big way. Cornfields are the big attraction when the main flight of mallards start drifting south, especially the fields that have been harvested with a mechanical picker. Fields of standing corn have been known to produce good shooting, this being the case only when no other food is available. During snowstorms we have shot mallards over standing corn and have even seen them waddling along on top of a foot of snow, following the rows and picking at the husk-covered ears. Because late season field shooting on mallards is, nine times out of ten, to be had in cornfields doesn't necessarily mean the greenhead has a preference for corn,

as blinda. One comforting thought regarding this winter shooting is that the ducks do their feeding more during midday, by-passing that early morning and late afternoon stuff. Behind us lay a cornfield in which livestock were picking for "nubbing," while out front was the refuge, inside boundary lines of the refuge and less than a mile to the northeast was the river, and that black smear we saw on the ice was a raft of greenheads. They were hungry and restless, every now and then a small flock took to wing, always settling back on the ice alongside the open water. But it wasn't long before the first "feeders" made a bee-line for the cornfield behind us. Our location was such that we would be doing true pass shooting, as



Millet also provides excellent cover for ringnecks.

which is the general opinion among gunners. I'm inclined to believe that this is due to the fact that the locally hatched ducks and early arrivals have previously gleaned all wasted kernels from the millet, wheat and barley stubbles leaving no other alternative for the widely sought mallard.

Early in December one year, we received word via the grapevine that there were still contingents of mallards on the 21,000 acre Sand Lake Waterfowl Refuge in the upper James River valley. These hardy greenheads had fought snow and freezing temperatures to keep several "holes" open in the river. Our information was quite complete in specifying almost the exact location of these duck concentrations. It would mean hours of driving to get us there, and after much debating we finally decided to give it a try come the first warm day. Perhaps it would seem more logical if I had said rough day, but roudy December weather with inches of snow on the ground isn't easy to take, even if your compasses do show rapidly in anticipation of good shooting.

It was noon when we reached our destination—the corn country. Thousands and thousands of acres of corn; field upon field in almost any direction you chose to look, but all of it buried under snow.

A bright sun overhead, but still we exhaled clouds of steam as we hung dead weeds on the refuge fence to serve

a matter of fact, all dry land hunting is really a form of pass shooting unless decoys are used on the feeding grounds.

As a general rule, mallards grow more wary as the season advances, but sometimes hunger and cold tends to make them bold and daring. On the contrary, the ducks could easily become over-cautious if shelled when making a mass exodus to feed. However, our fears soon subsided when the first ducks came out in singles, doubles and very small flocks. Perhaps this leisurely flight was because the chow line was only two minutes flying time from the home base.

We enjoyed some nice shooting that afternoon. Dead and I, occupying blinds a hundred yards apart gave us a killing radius of fifty yards on either side. Not all the ducks in that miniature concentration came directly over or between us, but a sufficient number did come within range so that eighteen greenheads had a lethal charge of chilled fours slipped through heavy down into vital organs.

When shooting ducks, especially mallards and also other species of which the two sexes are easily distinguished from one another while in the air, I am prone to pick out the males as targets. One reason for this being that the drakes have more beautiful plumage than the hens and I like to "show off" the day's bag. The other reason being that these always seem to be a greater

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Rough Stuff

By N. R. Casillo

We had. All three of us watched the huge, mailed reptile flick the assable fish and make off with it without so much as losing a stroke, the nine-pound-test line snapping like a piece of gum.

"Watch where he goes and we'll get him," said Bill as the turtle executed a neat fade-out in the clear water.

Since we were anchored only a couple score feet off Wolf Island, it was assumed that its overhanging banks would be the reptile's destination. Anyway, it had headed that way.

"Head for shore," directed Bill. By the time I had aimed the boat into a marshy indentation Bill had ducked himself of every stitch of clothing.

Being a comparatively newcomer into western Pennsylvania and completely uninitiated in the ways of the complete turtle feeder, I inquired as to what he proposed doing.

"Get that turtle," calmly intoned Bill as he gingerly lowered himself into the shallow water.

"Hey, you'll lose an arm or something," I objected.

Burr reassured me. "He's a good feeder. If the turtle is under that bank, he'll get him."

"But, how?" I came back.

By feeling for him," Burr briefly explained.

By the time I recovered from the momentary shock induced by Burr's explanation, Bill was poking about under the bank while the water lapped at his chubby waistline.

Just as I was about to register another protest, Bill announced that he had located "him."

To me the situation looked ridiculous. It was reminiscent of the yarn about the mice selling the cat. However, even before I got around to asking Bill what he proposed doing now that he had the brute located, he was already doing it.

The intrepid turtle knelt in water which reached to his armpits. With his chin resting on the grassy bank he was hawking mud with his completely submerged arms.

Two snappers of the right size for excellent sport. Holding them is Joe Bartberger, a "rough and ready" feeder of the old school.

A MONG the hazardous pastimes in sections of our land where we ordinarily think that all prohibitions for committing mayhem—excepting with our fellow humans—are a thing of the past, may be included turtle feeding.

After passing this piece you'll doubtless agree that the "sport" must be classed with such hominid incongruities as shark knifing while the alleged assailant precariously clings to the man-eater's pectoral, or with catfish noodling where the noodler comes to grips with a giant catfish in the dim recesses of its creek bed hide-out, the objective being to haul out said catfish with the noodler using nothing more than his bare hands.

In feeding for the rancorous snapping turtle imagine poking your hands and arms under overhanging banks into muskrat den entrances or into any other likely place wherein may be lurking your quarry. If you don't mind the already excellent chances of having a finger lopped off by your prospective victim and such additional minor unpleasantness as long forgotten and unsprung muskrat traps, vicious and lightning fast soft-shelled turtles, water snakes and quicksand, to mention but a few, then, you have the makings of a turtle feeder.

I was introduced to this typically sectional sport on Conneaut Lake here in western Pennsylvania when a large snapper made off with a fine bass which one of my two companions had hooked and was playing.

"Did you see that?" yelled Burr, the victimized angler.

"As he is trying to remove an obstruction," I inquired of Burr. Burr gave me a look that said before he replied, "He's turning the turtle."

"You mean he has a hold of him now?"

"Sure," he replied and I explained. "A turtle usually backs into a hole and it's safer to turn the beast before the feeder grabs the tail or a hind leg to haul him out."

"But, suppose he approaches the wrong end?" I shuddered at the mere thought.

The question went unanswered because Bill had apparently succeeded in turning the snapper. He was attempting to try it loose. In the next instant the reptile let go and suddenly, Burr lurched backward and disappeared below the surface.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Burr as Bill approached the boat with his quarry.

"Why, take him home, of course," replied the successful feeder as he deposited the ponderous reptile into the craft.

"That's all I wanted to know," cried Burr as he jumped onto a seat.

After a brief reconnaissance the snapper tore for the forward end of the boat where it sought refuge in the accumulated darkness of the bow. And there it remained hissing softly until its captor loaded him into the car.

I have always had a great respect for snapping turtles. The million brutes are distinguished for their tenacity of purpose, the purpose being to grab anything within reach of their toothless but formidable jaws. Well do I remember

the one that a pal and I surprised while laying her eggs in a sandy depression on the river bank. Being boys and worthily ignorant of the miracle of motherhood, we induced the creature to grab a broomstick. After carrying her a mile or so through the alders in Woofter's pasture, the fact that all was not right finally penetrated to her dull brain and she relaxed the massive jaws.

After falling to the ground she sat there in a sort of a stupor, her evil little trying to size up the situation. Thoughtfully my companion chuckled her under the chin with one of his heavy shoes. The fact that nothing happened caused my foolhardy pal to repeat the action. Well, this time she was ready for him. Her jaws snapped jaws cutting a neat wedge both in the shoe and the big toe thereon. Her jaws were as efficient as a conductor's ticket punch.

Many years after the foregoing episode I saw a snapper in Lehighborough Lake near Kingston, Ontario cut a chunk as large as a man's flat out of a hooked northern pike. That evening the same turtle broke through the heavy chicken wire of a live box as though it was so much rotted twine. The only sure way to hold them is to tether them with a stout wire wrapped high up on the tail.

I mention the voraciousness and strength of this reptile so that you may better appreciate what I saw on the day following the Conneaut Lake incident.

On the afternoon of that day Bill phoned that if I wasn't busy he would like to have me run over to his home. Fifteen minutes later I was witnessing something that was nightmarishly fantastic and wholly unbelievable. Here's how it came about.

On our way home from Conneaut Lake Bill declared that there were turtle feeders who actually have the temerity to poke a finger into a snapper's mouth.

"You mean that they'll actually poke a finger into a live snapper's mouth?" repeated unbelievably. "You're kidding," I added.

"It's the truth," he assured.

I turned to Burr for corroboration of what I had just heard. "That's right," he asserted. "But I'll have to see it." I asked.

"If I can get a hold of Joe Bartberger you can see it—tomorrow afternoon," said Bill.

"Joe Bartberger?" I asked in surprise. "Is he a turtle feeder?"

"One of the best in these parts," declared Burr.

My surprise was evoked by the fact that Joe was practically a neighbor. I had never heard about his reputation as a turtle feeder.

At Bill's on the following afternoon I found Joe and his boat out in the garage using the latter's regular captive as it lashed its hatred from a corner of the room. A bottle of Scotch and another of wine rested on an upended pool case.

"Have a shot?" invited Bill, waving at the scotch.

"Not until I see what you said I'd see," I remarked absent as my eyes inadvertently turned toward the snapper.

"Are you sure you know what you're about?" I asked Joe. Bill smiled at my apparent concern.

"Nothing to it," Joe modestly replied as he gulped another drink.

One again eyed the reptile. It weighed an even forty pounds. Its head was fully as large as a man's fist. Take a look at years from the half-open mouth with its startlingly white interior, there loomed a hiss like that of softly escaping steam. If one got too close the hiss increased both in volume and intensity. It was distinctly small eyes, curiously flecked with gold, glared venomously.

I turned to my host. "Here, give me a slug," I demanded.



Bringing home the makin' for one of the tidiest dishes extant. This one weighed forty-one pounds.

Without any mock heroics or even the simplest preliminaries, Joe crunched before the truculent snapper to demonstrate Bill's claim.

As Joe moved me, snorting on his heels, the turtle's head came out still further from under the serrated shell. The jaws opened wider.

Joe croaked the forefinger of his right hand and unceremoniously shoved it into the open mouth.

The jaws clamped shut and I expected to see the finger lopped off or horribly mangled. But no such thing happened. As Joe chewed, the turtle reared its head and the jaws slowly slackened.

"The trick," explained Joe, "is to keep on pushing steadily. Let up and you're liable to have trouble."

"Yeah," I came back. "But you can keep your finger in its mouth forever. How are you going to get it out?"

Joe grinned. "Now, watch me," he said slowly. A quick shove caused the big head to give ground while the jaws relaxed enough for Joe to pull out the finger. A quick jerk did the trick, but not without bloodied, the hooked appendage catching the finger and plowing a clean groove at the joint.

"It was a bit too anxious," explained Joe as he ruefully gazed at the bleeding member. "Anyway, you have a rough idea of how it's done," he added.

Joe then led me to his home. I was promised to accompany the two on a turtle feeding expedition as official photographer.

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Mountaineering Mules

The Story of a Trout Planting Exploit In the Sierra Nevada

By Norman Clyde

NESTLING in a glacial cirque at the southern base of the North Palisade, attaining an elevation of 14,254 feet in the loftiest spire, the third highest peak in the Sierra Nevada, lies a group of lakes, the largest slightly above timber line, an altitude of some 11,500 feet above sea level. Except for occasional mountaineers lured thither by the excellent climbing which this magnificent peak affords, seldom has this basin been trodden by human foot. Only once, prior to last summer, has it been entered by a party with pack animals, and these were burros gotten there with the assistance of block and tackle.

However, as trout thrive in other lakes of the Southern Sierra Nevada up to, and in some instances somewhat beyond timber line, Harry Halliday, a mountain packer with headquarters some twenty miles distant in an air-line from the North Palisade, had for several years contemplated an attempt to take several mile loads of trout fry to the lakes in this lofty and secluded basin.

To accomplish this it would be necessary to cross a high granite ridge over a pass—a saddle some 12,000 ft. in elevation—between two sharp peaks. With this in view, he had gone afoot in search of a possible route for pack mules up the north slope so steep as apparently to be impractical for such, and down the south side, if anything even more precipitous. He had marked what appeared to be the route most likely to be feasible as "ducks," or stone monuments.

During a period of ten years Harry Halliday had stocked several dozen previously barren lakes on the headwaters of Bishop Creek east of the crest of the Sierra and those of the Middle Fork of Kings River adjoining the latter to the west of it, into which the lakes at the northern base of the North Palisade drain. An attempt to stock these waters, however, he regarded as the most difficult of any in which there was any possibility at all of their being reached with pack stock. He decided, however, to hazard the attempt even at the risk of losing one or more of his animals and possible injury to himself.

On the morning of September 23, with two saddle horses and four pack animals, the latter laden with cans of golden trout fry, Harry Halliday and the writer of this sketch left the headquarters of the latter at an altitude of

9,000 feet on Bishop Creek and began to follow a trail leading southwestward up the canyon, through the basin at its head and over a pass with the same name.

Several hours of steady traveling up the gradually steepening trail brought us to the pass, an elevation slightly under 12,000 feet. Although the sky had been clear during the morning, it was now overcast with dark, heavy clouds and a rather strong wind swept scurrying snowflakes through the air, boding ill for our project.

Just beyond the pass we abandoned the main trail in favor of a branch built by Mr. Halliday and leading to a group of timber line lakes in Dusky basin im-

mediate to the south of the pass. Having been stocked with steelhead trout a few years previously by Mr. Halliday, despite the lean and foreboding aspect of the rockbound lakes, trout are now both large and numerous in them.

Beyond the lakes the trail dwindled to a line of ducks which we followed in their zigzagging course down over bluffs to a grassy area above another cluster of lakes at an elevation of some 11,000 feet. After placing the cans containing the trout fry in a brook with the open, but screened, tops of the former upstream so that the water would readily flow into them, we turned the stock loose in the meadow. Camp was made in a clump of white-bark pines with a cold, crystal clear brook flowing nearby. By this time the threatening clouds had vanished and the basin was flooded with the bright rays of the sun then about to drop behind high mountains to the west. The night was cold, frosty, and calm, promising well for our undertaking.

Early the following morning we were on our way with three light, but strong and active, mules, carrying trout fry: Halliday in the lead, while the writer brought up the rear. Beyond the meadows at the foot of the precipitous slope leading on up to the pass, the fun began. While crossing a rather steep pitch of loose granitic blocks, the three mules, tied together, began to rear and plunge, forming a tangled mass from which we with much difficulty extricated them and got them over the rocks. As a result the animals were allowed to go free, their tie rope being loosely coiled on the pack saddle, so as to be quickly available for leading them.

This incident at the outset served to cause the mules to lose their nerve, for several times we had trouble even in getting them over places of ordinary difficulty. We steadily advanced, however, switchbacking up the precipitous faces along ledges which fortunately were numerous. But in going from one to another we sometimes encountered difficulties which caused us considerable trouble. When only several hundred feet below the pass we came upon one which for upwards of a half hour seemed likely to result in the failure of our undertaking. After going nonchalantly up an inclined plane of granite tilted at a dangerous angle, the leading mule balked at sight of a mass of loose rock at top of the former. Although we built a tolerable trail across it, the stubborn mule failed to respond either to moral or physical persuasion, although the latter especially was both varied, and vigorously applied. It was no little task, either, to retrieve the other two mules, which every now and then began to halt down the incline. Eventually, however, we tried our wits on another mule, which presently made a rush over the objectionable rock, followed by its two companions.

As we swung back and forth on the ledges above this, the animals appeared to have recovered their nerve. Presently the pass, some 12,000 feet in elevation, was gained, and a short halt was made. To the east we had a profile view of the towering peaks of the Palisades, that of the North being nearest. A thousand feet or more below, our objective, a group of lakes gleamed and flashed in the sunlight. The descent of the slope, however, appearing steeper and more broken than that up which we had come, we tarried but a few moments.

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A halt to plant one of several lakes in the Palisade Basin.

Forgotten Gold

By Maurice H. Decker

Chapter IV Swamp Safari

LEW didn't like to dampen Ginny's elation over her discovery of what had happened to the lost Breckenfield family fortune. But he felt that it would be kinder to inject a note of caution into the project than to let her enthusiasm run unchecked. She had already begun forming plans to spend the money and the more of these she made, the greater would be her disappointment if things didn't work out well. And Lew believed there were plenty of chances for that.

Her great-grandmother's letter that Charlie discovered under the lining of the old rawhide trunk stated the fortune was buried in a swamp. But it gave no details beyond naming a certain spot on "Panther Island" where her husband had killed a big black cat. Even if Ginny could locate the island which looked plenty difficult, how could she find this exact place to dig for the iron chest? That was the way Lew viewed things.

"Six miles of swamp are a lot," he repeated. "The only way to get inside such a place is by boat. And then you have to follow the channels. Two-thirds of the ground is probably inaccessible."

"You make it sound hopeless," Ginny replied. "But you should tell me the truth." Then her eyes brightened and she smiled. "I've got the solution. Why didn't I think of it before? You come with me and help. You were clever enough to find the letter. I know you can locate the gold and jewels. I'll pay you or give you a share, whichever you want."

Lew rubbed his chin doubtfully. He didn't think there was the ghost of a chance to succeed but it was sort of hard to tell as pretty a girl as Ginny na. And he reflected it could be real interesting to explore the swamp.

"I suppose we can help," he said. "But I think we have two strikes on us before we start."

Charlie broke his silence then. "I don't," he said quickly. "I think we can find the money if it is still there and if we can locate the island."

"You make me so happy!" Ginny declared. "I think you're simply grand. Of course we can find the money. And I will give you a big share."

"Better not promise anything until you get your inheritance tax figured out," Lew cautioned. "Anyway we can work that angle out after we find the stuff." He was unfolding a state map. "You said the Sharon River. Here it is. And I suppose this tract is the swamp." "Looks about forty miles from here,"

Lew continued. "What about getting a boat there. Or should we take one with us?"

"Uncle Alce had a wood skiff the last time I visited the plantation. But it leaked pretty bad."

"We better take a good one then," Charlie said. He put a finger on the map. "We can pick up the river here at Millcreek. That's eighteen miles due east. I say buy a boat there, drop it in the water and follow up to the swamp."

Lew nodded. "We'll be backing the current, but that shouldn't be bad. These southern rivers move slowly. Besides we could stick on a small outboard motor. Then cruising is fun." He

Is that all right?"

Charlie nodded. "Sure. I was going to suggest you have a companion. One thing more, take care of yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"You're the only living Breckenfield aren't you?"

"Yes."

"If something happens to you, who inherits the money we hope to find?"

"Joel Herring I suppose. He's next of kin."

"That's what I mean. We only talked to Herring a couple of minutes after Lew bought the trunk. But I got the idea he can be plenty dangerous if he chases. It's something to keep in mind."

Ginny nodded soberly. "I'll do it." She looked at her watch, picked up purse and gloves. "I missed the first bus I planned to take. I mustn't miss this one."

Lew had roped the trunk lid down. "I'll carry it to the station," he offered.

Ginny held out her hand. Charlie took it in his. He said, "Better get that starchy look out of your eyes. It's a sure tip-off you expect to come into money. It will be safer to act disappointed when you reach the street."

Charlie wasn't in the hotel when Lew came back from the bus station. He waited almost an hour before his companion returned. "Where you been?" he demanded.

"Down to the exchange making some phone calls."

"You tell Andy we couldn't hunt with him tomorrow?" Lew walked over to the pitcher of ice water sitting on the small table. He poured a tumbler full and drank it. "I guess I got us into this business by hiding on the trunk. But you didn't have to encourage Ginny so much. You practically guaranteed we would find the money. She's a swell kid. I hate to have her disappointed like she certainly must be."

"I don't call Andy," Charlie replied. "We will hunt tomorrow as usual. But that's our last day. And I don't think I encouraged Ginny too much. We have a very good chance of finding her family treasure."

"In that much swamp?" Lew demanded. Then he said, "Who did you call up?"

"I got the State Geologist first. I wanted to get some information. You've heard about the instruments prospectors use to locate metal ore in the ground? They work something like radar. I believe they're the original radar development. They have a needle that

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James Ridemour of Missouri with his 1947-'48 catch of furs.

looked up, saw Ginny's anxious eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked her.

"I can't give you money to buy those things until we find the treasure."

Lew grinned. "Stop worrying. We can probably rent both boat and motor if we like."

"When shall we start? I have to go home first."

Charlie tapped his fingers a few seconds on the map, making mental calculations. "We need a couple of days to get ready. Then a day more to reach the swamp. This is Tuesday, suppose you meet us at the plantation Friday, say a bit after noon. Okay?"

"Can do," she replied.

"This search will take time. A week, maybe two. What about some place to live? Can we stay in the house or will we need a tent?"

"One wing of the old house has a good roof," Ginny replied. "The windows are all broken but the door was all right at my last visit. There's an old store in one room and we can live there. I would like to bring Julie, my colored maid. She can clean up and cook for us while we search the swamp.

FISH AND TACKLE

CONDUCTED by

BEN C. ROBINSON

Savage Beauties of the North-Woods Lakes

By Ben C. Robinson

THE muskellunge is a fish that will intrigue the fancies of the angler as long as men go fishing with rod and reel for the sake of recreation and outdoor delights. There is something different about musky fishing that grips the imagination and that arouses in the mind and reflections of the angler a vivid appeal toward fishing that few other forms of angling can surpass. In fact, it is very questionable if there is any one kind of sport fishing that offers so much anticipation and hope in the breast of the sportsman as the pursuit and capture of one of these large, crafty and attractive members of the game fish family.

There are numerous places in the country's fishing ranges where the muskellunge is to be found. The range of the fish is scattered rather widely over a good area of the sections of the United States and Canada where fishing is ventured each year. From the eastern seaboard fresh waters west to the near base of the plains area and from the mid-reaches of the south to the dividing ridges that wander along through the middle of Ontario, the muskie has a range that is more or less thickly populated with the fish. The part that should be understood, however, is that in this extensive area that has been mentioned the muskellunge is not spread out like the bass, perch, and spotted pikes. It is located in detached sections, rather than having a general preference for the majority of the waters that this midland and eastern range includes.

In the east, many bait casters and trolling enthusiasts who follow up fresh water game fishing have the mistaken idea that there are no muskellunge worth mention. There are several good areas lying east of the head-water drainage of the Ohio River. It might be mentioned here, that the drainage of the combined rivers, the Ohio and the Mississippi, constitute some of the best muskie waters in the land. That does not mean that every tributary of these two mighty stream holds specimens of the muskie, although it is quite possible that there are muskies in many streams and lakes and ponds of these drainage systems that none of us, except the local fishermen, have heard about. Muskies are a tricky and elusive fish in this respect. Many years will go by and the fishing worlds will be unaware of the presence of the fish in some localities, whereas the local anglers will possibly know of their being there in good numbers. In the famous fishing regions of the North Woods, the muskie has been exploited greatly for the fishermen to know and learn about.

In each long publicized and exploited territories as northern Wisconsin, middle and northern Minnesota, Lake Champlain and Lake George, Massachusetts and the Thousand Islands regions of the St. Lawrence in northern New York State, the muskie has been known about and fished for with

expert skill and understanding for several decades. That is, by the general fishing public. Anglers have made their sojourns to these regions for many years, for the express purpose of casting and trolling for the muskie in preference to any other game fish. It is an intriguing and overwhelming attraction in fishing to all who once get involved with its tricks, difficult phases and its tremendously gripping annual invitations. It is very doubtful if there is another branch of sport fishing so implicitly commanding to a fisherman's mind and interest, as that of casting and trolling or still fishing for this beautiful and appealing gamester.

The shape, coloring and spirit of the muskellunge lend themselves well to the imaginative fancies of fine anglers.

There probably is no other fish that swims our waters that is so intrinsically attractive as this great fresh water prize. Its shape is the perfect representation of strength, grace and coloring glory. Its habits of fighting a tough, rough, top water battle with the angler when it is hooked and resorting to all the crafty, strong tricks of its nature to break, unsettle or foul up the tackle of the angler into a tangled and unworkable mess, is to be expected of the fish. It is true that there are muskies taken that do not give the angler the maximum of battle tactics that are expected of the species, but there are many others that prove themselves too crafty and strong for even the most expert and experienced of anglers to hold and land. The size and the inherent wariness and rarity of the muskellunge, even in waters where it is supposed to be a pretty well established fixture, makes it a prize that the angler respects and values almost above any others that the waters of lake and stream can offer. To lose one of these fish after a hard, and thrilling battle with rod and reel is, unquestionably, the most disappointing calamity that happens and for this reason it is quite essential that the angler going for muskies provide himself with the best grade of tackle, the best guide that he can procure and the other necessities that will be required in order to raise, hook and land his prize fish safely.

Even in the North Woods areas where the muskie is plentiful the number of opportunities to take one of these fish is not what might be called common occurrence. Small muskies are easy enough to find and induce to rise to the artificial castings lure or troll, but the larger fish, which are the choice prizes for those indulging in this fishing sport, are rather rare birds. They are moody, and temperamental to the extreme most of times. Perhaps they are smarter than most other game fish, or, at least, they are more wary on the average. It is a very uncommon occurrence when a muskie fisherman gets more than three or four good rises from these big fellows on a single trip to the northern muskie



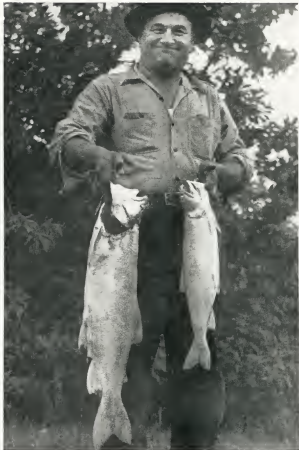
Two muskies from Gun Lock Lake in northern Wisconsin. Photo courtesy of Wm. E. Stimpson.

ranges. When these chances arrive, then the angler has to be prepared. The lure has to be of a very attractive type and action. It has to be cast with the right understanding and technique and the strike of the fish has to be snubbed by the right tactics and methods. After that it has to be played with faultless polish, otherwise the strong, twisty tricks of the victim of such fishing practices will manage to in some manner unhook or release itself by breaking the line, snell or the lure and its hooks.

Most large muskies are lost through nervousness on the part of their captors. Overanxiety is the worst fault: that a fisherman has to combat. In fact that is the cause of most good fish being lost from the hook. It is not so much the weakness of the fishing line, or the rod that results in good muskies being lost right at the landing stage, as it is through the angler's failure to keep cool, hold a steady, taut line on the fish from the moment the lure hooks are firmly imbedded in the jaws or lips of the fish and calm, watchful means are used to offset some of the things the muskie does to outplay and defeat the angler's efforts.

The start of the muskie's play on a cast plug or a trolled spoon hook or artificial minnow begins when the fish suddenly darts out from his hiding place in weeds, drifts and windfalls along the side of a lake cove or in a channel. In the northern muskie zones the best places to find these fish will be where there are lily pad growths. That does not mean there has to be a vast and heavy tangle of such vegetation. The best muskie haunts that a North Woods lake or river angler can choose for his bait casting and trolling are those where there is a small like collection of pads rocking on the surface of the water. These plants will usually spring up where there is some impediment for them to grow, like where there is an old drift log imbedded on the bottom in the sand and muck, or where a pine bough has been washed in against the sandy and gravelly ledges of a shore line. This can also be noted where there happens to be a large boulder submerged by the water and offering the muskie's weed and pad growths an incentive to flourish. The small dots of pads are almost invariably good muskie lairs, if there happens to be some deepish water around them. Water from four to eight feet deep seems to be the best kind of northern muskie haunt and every time such evidences are seen on a lake, at a shallow point or out well in the lake coves and bays, the angler who is after these fish should try and shoot a few good casts in to them. Touch the lures to the near borders of such places, and let them rest there a few moments, regardless of whether the lure is a surface acting type lure or an underwater one. The splash of the bait on the surface causes the muskie to instantly prepare for a helping of some species of live food, a bird, beetle, frog, fish or whatnot! It will be tensed and ready to spring, so to speak. The angler has to be imaginative to get the best results with his northern muskie.

I have found that the best muskelunge fishermen and guides are usually the ones that have a deeply imaginative view of the life and nature of the fish they are so good at pursuing. The staid, prosaic and unimaginative fellow who fishes for muskies will never attain the success and understanding of



—“No one makes better rods and baits than Heddon”

The confident angler is Frank Schwartz of Holland, Mich. Wrapped up in his exultant smile is 25 years' fishing experience that says — “I know where to fish, what tackle to use and how to use it.” Frank caught these trout from Big Manistee River, Mich., using a Heddon “Pal” Rod, “Pal” Reel and a River Runt Spoon.

“No one makes better rods and baits than Heddon,” says Frank. “My wife and I have several Heddon Bamboo Fly Rods, ‘Pal’ Steel Rods and many Heddon Baits — River Runts, Midgit Digits, Crazy Crawlers, etc. They get us plenty of big walleyes, bass and trout.”

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maskellunge nature that the one who likes to let his mind play with abstruse things about the fish will likely become. The muskie is so picturequely inclined in its natural choice of haunts and surroundings in the North Woods sectors that an angler has to be more or less of a dreamer and idealist to understand it satisfactorily.

The rise of these fish usually is very unexpected and decisive. They have some shocking habits also, in the matter of their appearances when the bait is cast to them, of dashing up to the surface and plunging along it after a near surface retrieve of the lure, or suddenly lunging right at the side of the boat, grabbing the lure and then going into one of those topsy-turvy, smashing and water lifting hysterias of battle to unseat the hooks that have become attached to their lips, mandibles or their jaws and even in their gullets. Here is when and how the muskie usually manages to outsmart and overawe the novice angler. The nervous system of most all anglers goes to pieces for a few moments when such alarming incidents break forth on a calm and otherwise placid bit of northern fishing waters. The angler, in most cases, loses his head. He throws his rod too far back. The tip gets way out of control and the line sag and grows ineffective so that every opportunity is for the muskie to shake and hammer the loosely caught plug or spoon out of its jaws and leave the angler with the empty lure bobbing or dangling at the side of the boat. That is muskie trickery at its worst, from the angler's point of view, and a phase of it that any fisherman going north for a summer or autumn fishing trip expressly for this species of fish can anticipate happening.

The only way to circumvent these fish and counter-attack them when they try these savage tactics, is to build up a resistive spirit of repression and calm. That sounds easy. It is not so easy, however, as it might seem to be to hear it advised. The natural thing for all of us to do is to strike hard at a suddenly rising fish. Well, the average muskie rises with a rush and a flurry. The big ones of more than thirty pounds are about the most decorous about the matter of striking. They usually will stay down and take the lure from near or off the surface with a sudden, strong passing sweep of action. But the smaller fish, those around thirty down to twelve pounds are the slashing, impulsive, attacking kind. They are the ones we lose the ofttest. The only way to get them is to remain calm. Keep a good grip on the nerves and to prevent being surprised into a bit of foolishness with the rod, reel and lure, keep alert all the time the muskie pools are fished.

The best recipe for alertness is preparedness and also being forewarned of what might happen. Cast the places where muskies are to be logically expected to loaf and feed. The points where there are logs running off into the water depths, points where there are a few pads and weeds to be seen out from the shore a ways and along rocky ledges and shores where a few pads are rollicking in the breeze or languidly resting on the sunlit surface. When these spots are being cast the angler should be on the job, all the time. Keep concentrated nicely on the location of the lure. Watch the bait as it is retrieved and the moment a warning shadow is seen in the water or one of those nerve-racking old lads

comes roaring up and rushing over the surface for the strike, clamp down on that thing we call nervous reaction. Keep on reeling the lure, or, if trolling, keep the troll moving. To hesitate then, is to be lost, so far as a prize muskie is concerned! That will mean, if the lure is permitted to rest, that the fish will strike at it with a glancing slash. But if the lure is kept moving steadily, well, the old chap in its anger, voraciousness, or whatever we want to call it, will make the real strike, the one that engulfs the bait and then is the time to put the war-sign on that muskie!

Putting the works on the muskie as it strikes is the whole secret of getting these fish safely and deeply hooked. The muskie that is not warned away from the bait by hesitancy and surprise on the part of the fisherman will usually grab the lure determinedly. When this happens the angler has to be in position to strike hard and sure. That is what imbues the hook point in the muskie's lip, mandible or jaw or mouth. It surprises and pains the old warrior fish. The first thing it tries to do, under those circumstances is to turn and attempt to escape. That is what the angler hopes it will do, for that just works his way. The muskie that turns and tries to escape is the one the angler has the best chance of capturing. But so that every angler has to be surprised by being inattentive to his lure and his casting, and his nervous system falters the least bit, here is what will happen: The line will fall slack. The rod tip will be permitted to sink down, and that is what causes the slack. The bait stops and then when the muskie does take it the nervous reflexes will fling the rod tip high or far to one side and there the angler is with all kinds of slack line, instead of a tense and ready line. The angler senses its advantage, or at least, it seems to sense it, for it will do the very thing that every muskie caster or troller dreads to have happen, and that is an immediate and uproarious fight begins right on the surface, the muskie going into a hysterical appearing set of gymnastics, plunging, lunging, somersaulting, shaking and fighting from one position, rather than trying to flee from the location it has chosen to attack the plug. The result, in cases where the angler gets confused with all this puzzling combat action, is that there is loose line and leader collects and that gives the fish the opportunity to whip and fling the lure and leader around, preventing the angler from getting a good, relative target to set the hook safely against. And so the fish is hooked unsatisfactorily and it will be a miracle if it is ever landed.

But all is not lost, even when a muskie does strike on the surface or near the surface and rises to the top in one of these stand-fast actions. If the angler has been watching the pads prepared for this top water fracas, the thing to do is to keep the line reeled up. When the battle goes into its first wild phase the only thing to do is to hold a taut line. Do this by keeping the rod tip down to a normal level and keep a strong pressure on the reel spool. Not too strong, but enough to keep the line taut and the chances are the fish will find itself under pressure and quickly decide to turn, plunge or bore down and seek to reach some place of shelter. This is the thing we hope for. Once it darts off the lure will sink its hooks safer in the muskie mouth or lip. If the hold has not been too shal-

low or poorly caught the chances are then that the fish will be under control from then on. If the hook is poorly attached then the chances also are good that it might catch a better hold in the rush of the fish away from the angler. But it will, at least, be snubbed and there will be a good opportunity, with safe and careful playing, for a capture to be made. The point to guard against is to not be careless and impatient when retrieving muskie lures. Watch them as much as possible. Cast them, or troll them, by the spots where these giants of the northern lakes and rivers, are in the habit of lurking and when there is a sudden bolt on the surface, where the lure should be located at the time, or when a shadowy figure is seen to pass or appear near the lure, be ready to catch the sudden, heart-stopping strike that will come like a strong, powerful grip laid upon the lure, and then with reel under tense control, snub the fish with a good, strong, firm strike. It is the strike that settles these muskie arguments on the lake and stream. The strong, sure strike is the winner. The feeble, light one that comes from slack and hesitating reeling is the one, on the other hand, that usually loses the angler his big fish.

Some Facts And Fancies

(Continued from page 6)

in relation to economic uses, as approved by the Chief of the Forest Service upon the recommendations of this Region after review by a committee appointed by the Governor, provides for the following:

"Tenure of Proposed Policy. Under prevailing economic and social conditions, the potential value of this area for inspirational and recreational purposes, is greater, more susceptible of early realization and more desirable than is the utilization of its mineral resources. These conditions seem likely to obtain for at least a generation, and in all probability considerably longer, except for mineral development, which is not to be curtailed.

"However, if in the course of time, new conditions shall develop under which the controlled utilization of the natural resources of the area becomes economically practicable and socially desirable, the Forester will feel free to modify the plan of management and use, so that while public enjoyment of the unique scenic and recreational values may still continue, a proper, correlated utilization of the timber, forage and water resources (use of mineral is not to be curtailed) shall not necessarily be precluded or unduly restricted."

"Some misunderstanding has also evidently developed as a result of the enlargement and addition of the 145,000 acres on June 14, 1937. More complex situations were added because of it. This area, at the time of its inclusion, was graded under National Forest permit and established preferences by 14,200 sheep. However, this number has been reduced through the years to only 4,990 head in 1948. No new permits have been issued. It should be said also that this addition in 1937, which included the Thunder Mountain country, was not added to the National Forest until December 13, 1919. Up to that time, it had been without organized fire protection or administration. It therefore included

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much country that had been seriously impaired. The Primitive Area Report, in recognition of the damaged condition noted by the examiner, states:

"Most of the area has been burned over and badly damaged by fire in the last 30 to 50 years."

"It also is stated: 'Severe over-grazing, prior to the creation of this National Forest area, materially reduced the carrying capacity and the effects of this over-grazing in past years is still evident.'"

"There has not been a new invasion of artificiality. The present boundary of the primitive area, on the other hand, has enveloped the above complex situations. When the boundaries were established, it was with the objective and the hope of removing the complexities on the basis of a long range program. If an error has been made, it was because of not limiting the area to federal ownerships free of intermingled private lands or for including areas which could not be restored to primitive area quality within a reasonable length of time. The large mineralized areas which have become more rather than less valuable perhaps should not have been included. Rather than to hold to the long range objective, proposal has been made that the boundaries be changed to include only the country which is now of Wilderness Area quality and to eliminate all highly mineralized area. These are matters which should, and doubtless will, be taken into future consideration in accordance with the above tenure of proposed policy. The outdoor leadership generally, who are familiar with the conditions, are appreciative of the complexities and the limitations which tend to complicate the administration of this area and of the long range objectives. A constructive approach, we believe, will be the best solution to this problem. This explanation is given in much detail to enable you to have a more complete understanding of the factors involved affecting the status of this area."

The above statement with regard to the Primitive Area of the state of Idaho is most interesting and seems to refute statements made that the Forest Service is pushing a program of exploitation to the benefit of private parties, i.e., the cattlemen and sheep-raisers. One notes that at the time of creation of this Primitive Area the region was grazed by 465 cattle and horses and 17,400 sheep, whereas now it is grazed by only 287 cattle and horses and 8,400 sheep, in the latter estimate only one-third of the number of sheep that were grazed at the time of creation of the Primitive Area. If those opposed to the Forest Service have facts other than these to show, then we would like to have them and will give them national publicity. Otherwise we will have to accept the Forest Service estimate as correct in detail and an honest presentation of the facts of the case.

There is another point on which we might dwell, namely, the safety of the game in the Area. The Forest Service may be soundly damned for not caring better for the game in the Area, forgetful of the fact that the Forest Service has nothing to do with laws governing the state game and wildlife in the Area. In this respect it is the same as in other National areas where the state possessing that area has administration

over the fish and game in the same. Therefore anything happening to the fish and game in the Primitive Area of Idaho, especially as refers to seasons and kills, must be laid at the door of the Game and Fish Department of Idaho. Oddly enough the state is never brought up in any discussions of the sort.

The provision that the Forester can open up the Primitive Area to outside exploitation (not previous quotation) does leave a loophole wide open that we might question in no uncertain terms. This means to say that if the Forester believes that the Primitive Area can stand it he can "feel free to modify the plan of management and use, so that while public enjoyment of the unique scenic and recreational values may still continue, a proper, correlated utilization of the timber, forage and water resources shall not necessarily be precluded or unduly restricted." Now this pleasant little clause which was approved "by the Chief of the Forest Service upon the recommendations of this Region after review by a committee appointed by the Governor" leaves an opening for the cattle and sheepmen and if, already, the meat and wool barons have not taken advantage of this clause and started an invasion of the Primitive Area and all other areas in the West, then you can look for something of the sort to happen in the not-too-distant future. As an example, the Primitive Area of Idaho is under the administration of Mr. W. B. Rice, Regional Forester, at Ogden, Utah. If, in the belief of Mr. Rice, it is desired to open up the Primitive Area to the cattlemen and sheepmen, then all he has to do is give the command and the invasion goes forward. The Chief of the Forest Service in Washington would automatically give his okay to the matter, and the Governor of Idaho would of course welcome the invasion—and there you are. These things we have to watch in the western sphere of operations. Just keep these things well in mind so that you will not be caught napping. And remember that the cattle interests and sheep raisers are figuring and scheming night and day on how they can work in on the choice forage and grazing grounds!!!

Taking Bass In The Weeds

Give a bass fisherman of the bait casting school nice open water where there is no possibility of hooking up in the weeds, pads and obstructions with the bare ganghooks on a plug lure and he is properly in his element. If he does not catch bass commensurate with his expectations in such grounds he at least has a lot of fun casting—if that is his prime objective. Usually, however, he has bass on the horizon of his endeavors and that of course is another thing, for if the bass are not out in that open water but are up in the weeds, pads, rushes, reeds or what have you, then I can assure you that you are out of luck, that is unless you have a lure that is weedless and will go up into the midst of those obstructions and will reach the attention of the bass that are feeding in that almost impossible wall of vegetation as we call it. You need a weedless lure for this kind of fishing, in fact only a weedless lure will begin to make an impression under the circumstances.

At one time I made the statement that one of the truly important weedless lures made in this country—especially set aside for fishing these heavily-

vegetated waters—was the Number 3 Hawaiian Wiggler, which, by the way, as the shallow-running member of the Hawaiian Wiggler group of three Wigglers, one being deep-running, one medium-running and one shallow. It is the shallow-operating Number 3 Hawaiian that I have reference to here, and it is this one which I would designate as one of the most weedless lures on the market if not the most weedless one that can be found. Indeed, I would go so far as to state that if I were to pick six or ten bass lures of the bait casting type that are a "must" in bait casting selection, this shallow-running Number 3 Hawaiian Wiggler would definitely be one of those all-important six or ten I would select!

Cast this lure out into a wilderness of moss, pads, grass, reeds, cattail, duntrees, stumps, etc., and after it has slid in and out of that ghastly mess and has not collected a single specimen of the assorted junk in the waters, it is then that you begin to realize something, to wit, that here is a lure that packs dynamite of a special kind: IT GETS THERE. Maybe your first two or three casts may have been thought good luck: you just didn't happen to annex. But after you have cast fifty or a hundred times, sometimes right up on shore and reeled the thing out, it is then that admiration begins to crop up in you and will not down. You know a half hour after you have started casting that you have made a find. That's for sure.

Like the others in the Hawaiian Wiggler group, the Number 3 has the notorious rubber skirt which the late Fred Arbogast invented. Reeled through the water the various strands of rubber have an undulating crawl and wiggle that is tempting to a degree. Originally this skirt was slipped onto the bend of the hook through a rubber tube a half inch in length and the strands would stand straight out. Arbogast found, however, that by reversing the skirt the strands would stand out more fully to all sides and a maximum action of the rubber strands would be possible. Whatever may be said for this lure, one thing is certain, the undulating action of the rubber strands in that skirt appendage to the Hawaiian Wiggler is tremendously important. Definitely it is the focal point toward which the bass directs his attention. The success of the Hawaiian Wiggler is based on the action of that rubber skirt. By reversing it so that it flares out on all sides you just double the attraction and taking value of the lure.

I have used for the first time a black Number 3 Hawaiian with a mixed white and black stranded skirt. At the present time in Florida (Not I am writing this February 20, 1949, at Pine Bay Camp, on the backwaters of the Withlacoochee, out from Dunnellon, Florida), black spoon lures are "all the go" so I was no little pleased to find that Hank Werner, my fishing partner, had several black Hawaiians, Number 3, in his outfit. (I might mention that Werner, who is one of the best bass fishermen I have ever met, and the field representative of the Arbogast Company, is with me on a one month tour of the fishing grounds of central and southern Florida.) Just why a black spoon should make a difference I do not know. In any event when reeled your black spoon seems to fade out of the picture and the rippling, undulating skirt with its animated strands, stands out as separate

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from the lure itself. Never, assuredly, does the skirt of this stand out more definitely, to become a focal point, than when you use it in conjunction with a black spoon. Understand, this Number 3 Hawaiian comes in a number of colors as to spoon and there is a wide variety of skirts to select from, yellow, white, black, red, etc. If I am not mistaken Fred Arbogast told me at one time that his favorite skirt for the Hawaiian Wiggler was a mixture of black and white rubber strands.

One thing is certain, the weedy, padded and well-vegetated areas of a lake are the true feeding grounds of the bass and if you can get up into the same with a weedless lure, then you are fortunate. When you consider the fact that some lakes are heavily weeded over you will know why a typical bare-hooked plug lure, regardless of its worth, is quite useless in such locations. Once you have adopted weed- and pad fishing and have really taken many limits of bass from the same, you will be sold on the method for life. To me this manner of fishing is one of endless attraction.

The Ever-Present Minnow Problem

The state of Florida faces what might be termed a "minnow shortage." In a state such as this where fishing is kept up through the whole year, without any let-up, a minnow shortage can become really aggravating, if not alarming. Of course one does not have to use live minnows, since there is always recourse to artificial lures of kinds without compute and in sizes and shapes that leave little for the imagination to wish for. But as in many other sections of the country there are Florida fishermen in numbers who feel that if you have live minnows to your credit, you will get fish, and without them you may get fish but the chances are (so they firmly believe) that you will not.

In Florida waters are found what is known as the "golden" shiner, sometimes called "roach" after the English term of a fish by that name. Although there would seem to be little in common between the two. These roach are often up to eight inches, even more, in length. They are hooked on through the two lips and with a large red and white bobber on the line the fisherman rows alongside of the hyacinth and lily-patches letting the minnow go where he will. If in good grounds your chances of taking a large bass on the lure is very great. Fact is, over on the St. Johns River, these shiners will account for some of the huskiest bass extant. Yes, we agree that the golden shiner in Florida is a threat, if not a double or triple threat to any large bass it may come into contact with.

At one time these shiners could be had for fifty cents a dozen. This has now leaped to a dollar and dollar and a half a dozen. Scarcity of these shiners often means a catch of only a dozen or two through a day of shiner fishing. This fishing is done with a light cane pole, line and a small hook to which the bait (bits of bread), are attached. Regardless of price, the fishermen demand minnows or, as stated, shiners. Probably if they went up to three dollars a dozen the demand would still be at peak especially since rarely, as in anything, promotes demand. The very worst thing to contend with in this minnow business, as in Florida, is the high percentage of death of these minnows after capture and when being transported to the home base or from the home base to the point

of purchase. After that of course the fisherman has to take his chances, as to whether the minnow will live or die. There are times when only three or four minnows (shiners) out of a dozen will live. The bad part here is that while bass may sometimes take a dead minnow, the chances against any such course are as one in ten. Bass demand that if they are to commit suicide taking a minnow it should at least be alive when they seize it.

Mortality in minnows as, as a rule, great, no matter where the minnows are taken and used. The reason for this mortality after capture can be explained variously. First, chubs and shiners (as in the north) are stored out of streams, all too often out of running water. Naturally such minnows know only well aerated water. Consequently when they are dumped, let us say, into a milk-can with a minute amount of water having inferior oxygen, it is no wonder that they die by the thousands? All too often in the north we have witnessed handlers and sellers of minnows come in with milk-cans full of shiners and at times the major portion of the catch were dead. That people able to use their basic brain power to the extent of being able to put two and two together to make four, still continue such practices is something that belongs with the mysteries of life. How many millions and billions of minnows die every year in this country in handling before they ever get to the fishermen is anyone's guess. I imagine the "kill" is exceedingly great.

In many states now the seining of minnows in lakes that are really fishing lakes, is unlawful. It would imagine in spite of this that many lakes are systematically and persistently seined for minnows. Obviously this is taking food from the fish in the lake and as one of the factors having a tendency to disturb the law of balance and proportion in the waters. It is to be admitted that not all of those who seine and handle minnows to be used in fishing, are crude, destructive and hapless in their practices, in fact there are many who convey their minnows from the stream to their home ponds in tanks on trucks, the water in the same being well aerated and of the right temperature. Their ponds, too, contain clean water that is refreshed by a constant supply of running water. There is little doubt but that the handling of minnows, under circumstances of the sort, has everything to commend it, especially when one considers the alarming minnow loss accruing through crude methods usually so common.

There is little doubt but that the raising of minnows will, in the future, become more or less of an industry since it is doubtful if the demand will ever falter and fail. Both the government and the various states, through their fish departments, are giving the proposition of minnow raising much attention. As yet, however, the amount of information gotten through actual raising methods by established minnow raisers, is fragmentary and seems mostly to be based on hear-say or theory. We need more information from men who are actually raising minnows and who have a practical knowledge of what they are talking about. One thing is certain, minnow raising is not as easy as some people would think. It offers problems in number, probably more than the raising of bass, sunfish, crappies, etc., in ponds. Obviously the great

demand will be for minnows that are tenacious of life, and which are able to stand changes of water and habitat, and which will not be as fragile as stream minnows that die without the least provocation when placed in water not aerated equal to the water they have been taken from. As yet I doubt whether a minnow other than the so-called mud-minnow can begin to come up to the demands. So far as raising the golden shiner in Florida is concerned, this is practically impossible of achievement.

Columbia River Chinooks

(Continued from page 1)

We pitched our tent in the rain, upon our arrival. Many fishermen were there ahead of us and we had difficulty finding a convenient spot. After establishing camp we launched the boat and tried to fish. It rained, then poured, the wind came up and in a few minutes the water was very rough. Our position became untenable. The small boats left the river and we also came in, wet and cold in August. We anchored the boat and made the evening meal, built a campfire and talked fish with the neighbors.

There was a wide range of opinion as to what was the best bait, the best depth to fish, length of line out, time of tides and the best locations in the river. I, being a stranger on these waters, listened and learned.

Next morning the weather was more promising. The wind was down, but there was still a misty drizzle. The tide would be in full ebb in an hour, so we headed down river and planned to fish the tide back.

We criss-crossed the river for two hours and were beginning to wonder where the fish were. Just then the pole bent back and I thought I was hung up on something. I reeled in about one hundred feet of line and expected to find some weeds on the plug, when with a lurch, a large salmon passed under the boat. The fish evidently started to swim toward the boat when hooked, and he felt like a dead weight. The fight was on. I played him fully for twenty minutes before he tired sufficiently to be gaffed. Number one was in the boat!

Thirty minutes later another took the plug and what a struggle! At one time he came straight up out of the river fully ten feet. Just as I was about to gaff him he plunged and the gaff cut a deep gash in his side. Later he was boated. The first one weighed about twenty-five pounds, the second, about twenty pounds. That evening we took them to the cannery.

Tuesday it stormed all day. No small craft ventured out. Wednesday it calmed sufficiently to fish in the afternoon. I hooked a big fish, played him five minutes and he broke my hook up—I lost a good plug—never saw this fish.

Wednesday it stormed and rained. Thursday I fished alone and never got a bite. Friday, fished all day and never got a strike. Saturday we rested and went to Long Beach and played in the sand—the first good day of the week.

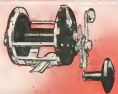
Sunday, our last day, I was up early and floated down the river almost to its mouth. It was raining and the wind was rising. About 2:00 A.M., I got a hard strike and never have I had salmon run like that one. He took out several hundred feet of line before I could stop him—then at the end of all that line he broke water, looked things over, and fought as only a thirty pound fish can fight. Boating that fish was

FAMOUS *Coxe and Bronson* BAIT CASTING and SALT WATER REELS With many new and exclusive, patented features!



Now a still wider choice and finer casting performance

The sportsman-angler today is offered a choice of 21 fresh and salt water reels—each designed and built to finest quality standards—at prices that represent top values. From the time-proved Coxe Model 25C bait casting champion, with exclusive free-floating, live axle, take-apart design—at \$33.00—to the low priced Bronson single action fly rod reels and a host of medium priced fresh and salt water models—you'll find selection unlimited—precision quality unexcelled—with long-lived dependability and finer reel performance assured by America's largest manufacturer of fine fishing reels. Why buy less than the best?



New iron-bolt take-apart, overhauled and self casting salt water reel with 200 yard capacity. Spool changes done instantly. No hook but your finger. Set Drag, Free Spool, Coxe Slide Mesh, and Slide Reelset are exclusive features for smooth, effortless action. 3 to 1 gear ratio for fast retrieval. Extra speed included. Model 1420L..... \$15.00



New Coxe feather-light aluminum reel is revolutionary in design—precision built—handles like a feather. Has spring tension spring bearing on end plate, adjustable for any weight lure. Castable and attractive, 100 yard capacity. A beautiful casting reel—smooth as a whisper—sweet as a song. Has snap-on plastic cover with line tie. Model 95C..... \$9.75



Famous Bronson Lockless anti-backlash reel with drop tension bearing adjustment to regulate casting speeds for various weight baits. Now available with special Bronson snap-on plastic spool cover as standard, for added ease of casting and faster retrieval. A finished favorite. Model 1700..... \$8.15



Here's a low priced, salt water reel designed for self casting or bay fishing. Fits both fresh and salt water rods. End plate and spool of polished stainless steel with all exposed metal parts corrosion proof. Free Spool, Set Drag. Has Coxe sized spool, 150 yard capacity and 3 to 1 gear ratio. Model 1815L..... \$6.00



Another Coxe Iron Bolt Live Axle Reel with exclusive, instant take-apart features, having aluminum spool, cork arbor. Made of high grade brass, chrome plated. A live bait casting reel, priced by thousands of expert fishermen. Model 60C..... \$11.00



Write for new
Fishing reel literature.
Free on request
Dept. 221



No need to let road, gift or delist your fishing rig. The exclusive Coxe Take-Apart, Live Axle Reel requires no hook but your finger. A minute or two only and your reel is disassembled, cleaned and reassembled... completely beyond blemish... A feature found only in certain Coxe reels.

Coxe and BRONSON FISHING REELS

BRONSON REEL CO., BRONSON, MICHIGAN

plus a light lure of the Cap Hawk type are in their element in rivers and streams, and lakes where there is a minimum of obstructions. Personally I would say that the Cap Hawk is an ideal river and stream lure, and I am sure that if I ever tackled fishing in clear-water streams, such as found in the Ozarks and all through the south, I would not be without the Cap Hawk in several of its colors. But I must also state that my preference in color, so far as this Cap Hawk is concerned, is the all black plug with the white herring-bone stripes. One reason for this selection is that clear water may yellow, whitish or other light-colored lure will stand out unreal and vivid and immediately draws the suspicion of the bass. The black lure, on the other hand, has no bright color that would invite caution. I might also mention that when fishing any manner of clear water, lake or stream, a small lure often proves a good selection and is least likely to cause the bass to hold up on a strike. Your lighter colored Cap Hawk plugs can be used in just slightly cloudy water most effectively, and better probably than the all-black lure. Of course that would go for any plug for that matter.

While the largest bass I have taken on the Cap Hawk has been five pounds, below that I have landed many splendid ones. My experiments with the Cap Hawk will continue through the year 1949 especially since there are new models of the plug now out which the maker has failed to send me. So my experiments have been entirely with the first ones made. I will report on the new ones as I try them out. This big trout will be in the course of our circling of Lake Huron this summer, and up into notable eastern Ontario sections where some of the best small mouths in the country are to be found. I am quite sure that if the Cap Hawk pays out here it will have made the grade for sure!

Gear Shift Johnson Motor

HAILED as a revolutionary post-war outboard motor, the new Johnson model QD, OBC certifies at 160 horsepower at 4000 r.p.m., is the first production motor that permits the outboard user to start in Neutral and shift to Forward or Reverse.

The gear shift lever used to govern the direction of the boat is conveniently located on the front panel of the powerhead. When this is in the central position, the motor is in Neutral; moved upwards, the motor propeller reverses; moved downward, the motor propels the boat forward.

Four built-in supplementary devices make this new Gear Shift Control practical. (1) Automatic motor speed limitation when in Neutral or Reverse. (2) Automatic reverse lock to prevent motor from tilting when in reverse. (3) Automatic exhaust gas diversion when in Reverse to prevent cavitation. (4) Rubber-Flashed Propeller which absorbs the shocks of shifting and also those of hitting underwater obstructions.

Johnson Motors announces, along with Gear Shift Control, a second revolutionary feature: the Mile-Master Fuel Tank. On the 1949 models QD and SD, OBC certified at 160 h.p. at 4000 r.p.m., a separate fuel tank has been introduced. The fuel supply is no longer in the motor itself. The tank capacity of five gallons of fuel is adequate for several hours of full throttle operation and in many



C. M. Ventrease (left) and Jack Robinson (right) with a strike of bass weighing nearly 15 lbs., which they caught on a L&S 5/8 oz. Muskie in Keweenaw Lake near Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 11, 1949.

Keep these in your tackle box:

L&S BASS-MASTER This 1/2 ounce lure is a proven killer of all game fish.

L&S PIKE-MASTER New addition to the L&S line . . . a 1/2 ounce lure available in floating and sinking models.

L&S MUSKIE-MASTER A 1/2 ounce lure for casting or trolling for the big ones.

L&S TROUT-MASTER The most durable lure made for bait casting or trolling for salt water fish.

Fish Strike L&S LURES

Say C. M. Ventrease and Jack R. Robinson of Nashville, Tennessee.

No other lure has the amazing natural action found in L&S lures . . . excellent for casting or trolling in fresh or salt water.

L&S lures are expertly made of indestructible plastic in surface, semi-surface, and sinking models for every type of bait casting or trolling. Assorted patterns and colors.

"First with Fishermen"



L&S BASS-MASTER
Fair Trade Price \$1.25

L&S BAIT COMPANY, INC.
BRADLEY, ILLINOIS



HAWK LURE CATCHES MORE FISH



BECAUSE Hawk Lures have been designed and tested by Capt. No. 1, the famous "No Fish, No Pay" guide, who for 38 years studied various types of fish—their feeding habits—food and color they prefer.

The result of this vast knowledge of fishing produced a Lure that feeds fish completely with its life-like action. This action is attained without metal gadgets or screws.

Hawk Lures develop terrific action instantly on a slow retrieve that drives fish crazy. You'll find too, that this Lure stays at the same depth at which the retrieve started.

Hawk Lures are designed to slide freely over rocks and logs where the ordinary plug will hang-up. And when fish hit a Hawk, they don't get away—they swallow these small hooks deep. Made of indestructible plastic in 12 fish tested colors. Money back guarantee you'll catch more fish with a Hawk Lure—\$1.25 each—Get one today from your favorite dealer—if he can't supply you, send money order and his name to



HAWK FISH LURE CORPORATION

1651 South Grand Boulevard
St. Louis 4, Missouri

IT'S NEW... IT'S

ALIVE with ACTION!



75c
EACH

T.M. Reg.

THE HALIK FLY-ROD FROG

Sturdy, lightweight body with articulated rubber legs. Famous Halik live-action movement really attracts fish. Sense and dance see Halik Frogs for casting and trolling, \$1.50 each. Get them at your dealer's now.



THE HALIK COMPANY
MOOSE LAKE, MINN.

**Neutral
Forward
Reverse**

and MILE-MASTER Fuel Tank

**THIS
LITTLE LEVER
DOES ALL
THE WORK!**



1949 OUTBOARD SENSATION! THE NEW JOHNSON QD!

You operate it by Gear Shift Control. Move the knob (shown above) and go from Neutral to Forward or Reverse. Makes outboard boating twice as easy, twice the fun!

Fuel is automatically fed to the motor from a separate tank (see below). This means easier fuel handling—and hours of extra operation without refueling.

It's a high-power* motor—a compact, 56 lb. ball-of-fire—yet it trolls—a combination that fishermen have always wanted!

See the QD at your Johnson dealer's. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

JOHNSON MOTORS
1700 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro
*16.0—OHV Certified Stroke 11.2, 14.000 s. p. 16.1



New! Mile-Master Fuel Tank 116 (16.0 gal.) with 12 ft. fuel line, fuel gauge and bilge pump "Close" attachment. Put it anywhere in your boat!

cases, enough for a full day of average operation. The Full-Vue gasoline gauge tells the operator his fuel supply at a glance. This separate tank, attached to the motor by a twelve-foot double fuel line, may be placed at any convenient position in the boat.

The fuel line "plugs in" to the motor like an electric toaster and is self-sealing against leakage when detached. When the hose is not in use, it can be conveniently stowed in an annular recess provided on top of the tank. A pressure plunger on the tank forces the fuel into the carburetor on the motor. When the pressure is once built up, the motor itself maintains a continuous fuel supply. What used to be the extra, auxiliary can of fuel usually carried with a conventional motor, now becomes the regular supply.

In the Gear Shift mechanism there is only one extra gear. The spiral bevel pinion and the two spiral bevel gears—all of high grade alloy steel, hardened—are always in mesh. The shifting is done by clutching one or the other of the gears to the propeller shaft.

The Johnson QD is a perfected Alternate Firing Twin. (All five models in the 1949 Johnson line are Twins). Bearings are needle, caged needle, roller, ball and hard bronze, each the most adaptable to its use and purpose. A new and improved Ready-Pull Starter with pull handle centrally located is regular equipment. Synchro-Control—one lever operation of spark and throttle—is employed. A new flexible rubber mounting between the power head and lower unit absorbs vibration and provides for the Vibrationless Steering Handle as well as the Co-Pilot. Dual Carburetion in the new, Johnson-designed-and-built, interconnected, calibrated, Carburetor insures correct fuel mixture and smooth operation throughout the whole speed range from trolling to wide open. The new Fuel Strainer and Filter traps water and foreign material before it gets to the carburetor and is accessibly located for easy cleaning. A new Vane-Volume pump with rubber rotor mounted on the drive shaft acts as a positive displacement



Johnson Model QD, 16.0 h.p. O.B.C. certified at 4800 r.p.m. Alternate Firing Twin. Weight 56 lbs. This model is brand NEW in the Johnson line... has Gear Shift Control—Neutral-Forward-Reverse and the separate Mile-Master Fuel Tank. Power to plane a boat, yet so expertly designed that it is likewise a trolling motor.

FREE Handy Chart

Write for the new 1949 Sea-Horse Handy Chart. Illustrates, charts the QD and the 4 other great Johnsons for '49. All features fully described—and what features! Write today. A post card gets it!



JOHNSON
SEA-HORSES
for DEPENDability

pump at slower speeds and as a centrifugal pump at higher speeds and insures adequate cooling at all speeds. A unique water distribution system in the cylinder block maintains uniform temperatures and minimizes condensation in the combustion space.

There are, of course, a host of other new features such as a rubber mounting for vibration absorption between the power head cover and the power head itself, and aircraft-type seals on the top and bottom main bearings of the crankshaft. But one of the greatest of all is the light weight of only 56 pounds without the slightest sacrifice of strength and durability. The separate Mile-Master Fuel Tank weighs about 16 pounds.

The new Johnson Model QD has an approved operating speed range of 4000 to 5000 revolutions per minute and the power is 10.6—OBC Certified Brake Horsepower at 400 revolutions per minute. It has power to plane a sturdy boat and "hold-your-hat" acceleration; also, for a heavy boat transmitted through the adequate 3-inch diameter propeller. The QD is a powerful motor—it is also

a trolling motor, meeting all the qualifications required by the fisherman who doesn't care to take "all day" to get across the lake yet wants to troll, slowly and consistently, after he gets there.

Besides the new QD, Johnson continues the production in 1949 of four other models, O.B.C. certified at 2.5, 5.0, 16.0 and 22.0 horsepower at 4000 r.p.m.

The models HD and TD (2.5 and 5.0 horsepower respectively) are also modified and improved. Both of these famous fishing motors now have Twin-Grip Handholds for greater ease in handling. Both have redesigned clamp screw handles for easier tightening. Both have a "new look" and the TD boasts a new stern bracket.

The Model SD, (16.0 horsepower) now has the Mile-Master Fuel Tank and a new die cast aluminum power head cover which is in two pieces for quick, easy access to the power head, and is rubber mounted.

Unchanged, except in some minor details of construction, the heavy-duty PO model continues to top the Johnson Line at 22.0 horsepower.



—Say Sportsmen From
Coast To Coast
about

That Campal Insect Repellent

By Robert Page Lincoln

IN the course of the early spring season in Florida I dropped in to see my good friend J. Stuart Miller, of the Miller-Alibritton Company, makers of the new insect repellent, Campal. I was interested to know what success he had had with this insect keeper-offer and if he had sold a couple quarts of it. So I was due for rather much of a surprise—and I do mean surprise. As will be remembered, Campal was put out in the middle of the summer of 1948, and the season was getting well spent before it got any manner of distribution. However, it appears that advertising in Fur-Fish-Game proved electrifying and orders began coming in from all sections of the United States and kept coming in. Curious to know what success these purchasers of Campal had had with the repellent, Miller sent out cards to over 300 purchasers asking their opinion of Campal, and if it had proved successful with them in keeping the insects at a distance. Out of the 300 cards sent out, I read 230 of them and the more I read the more my mouth opened in surprise. There, in one compact pile, were 230 recommendations of the sort that any advertising agency would give its collective right arm to own. Talk about advertising value! And talk about 100% acceptance of a product!

Here are several recommendations. One from Edwin H. Laetike, Lone Rock, Iowa:

"Went catfishing one night last summer and as the catfish just were not biting, I slept for about four hours along the mosquito-infested river bank. The only protection for my hands and face was a thorough application of Campal and I received not one mosquito bite. You could hear a continuous buzz but they wouldn't light. It is the best repellent I've ever used!"

Lewis M. Gure, R.R. 1, Box 83, Skellytown, Texas, wrote:

"I used Campal in Missouri and Arkansas last summer when the sand ticks were at their worst. We were completely

covered with them. It didn't seem possible that thousands of ticks could get on the clothing and not get inside but that is what happened when we used Campal. We had no chigger bites either and we went anywhere we wished to go regardless of the ticks and chiggers. I am sold on Campal for life!"

R. B. Hoxie, 205 Ridge Road, Ruthersford, N. J., wrote:

"Campal is excellent. The family enjoy it because of its pleasant odor and that it can be used safely on young children and best of all it certainly does the trick on our New Jersey skaters!"

Mrs. Harry Cores, 1224 North 5th, Springfield, Illinois:

"We found Campal the best insect repellent we've ever used. I use it for the whole family and it doesn't irritate the skin."

Here is a letter from M. L. McCrae, Attorney, 88 Broad Street, P.O. Box 243, Charleston 5, S. C. He writes:

"I spend a lot of time in the woods and swamps fishing and also in pursuing my work as a member of the Charleston Natural History Society. When I began using Campal my worries so far as insects were concerned were over. The first time I used it was at Bear's Bluff, on Wadmalaw Island. Robert Lunz, director of Bear's Bluff Laboratories and I were out one evening graining, or gubbing, for flounder. It was a still night. The mosquitoes were terrific. Bob had so many on his face, neck, arms and legs that he couldn't fish for slapping at them. They came by the thousands, all hungry, and seemed intent on devouring him in the shortest possible time. I didn't get a bite! After a few minutes I opened my bottle of Campal and passed it to him and told him to put it on thickly. He did; and no more skelter bites. They stayed off of both of us."

"The next month a party of six of us spent a week on Sullivan's Island. I was especially welcomed and justified my presence there as the owner of a bottle of Campal. I don't know how many others did, but Harry Klipatrock

CAMPAL

The Amazing New Insect
Repellent that

REALLY WORKS!

Yes sir! Written testimony in our office from Outdoorsmen across the U.S. describes CAMPAL as "wonderful" — "amazing" — "swell" — "terrific" — "in a class by itself" — "worth \$5 an ounce" — "can't be beat" — "the real thing" — "tops" — "par-excellence" — "perfection" and you'll agree when you put CAMPAL to the test where bugs are thickest

PROTECTS AGAINST

Mosquitoes, including Malaya and Yellow Fever species; Chiggers, Gnats, Flies, Biting Flies, Ticks, Punkies, Mites, Midges, "No-accents" and other biting insects.

"THEY CAN'T BITE
BECAUSE THEY CAN'T LIGHT"

YOU'LL LIKE IT — THE BUGS WON'T
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

For a wise investment in complete
camp comfort

ORDER YOUR SUPPLY OF CAMPAL TODAY

49c per bottle
postpaid

MILLER - ALLBRITTON

2702 MacBride Avenue,
Tampa 9, Florida

DEALERS: Be the first with the foremost. Write for profit-plus sampling plan today!

"I caught this baby on a
**PRESCOTT
SPINNER**



北京/中国

H. Onstad
St. Paul, Minn.

Mr Onstad landed the 17½ pound muskie with a Prescott Cockatough Spinner. He says, "I am a confirmed user of Prescott Spinners, and I'll always use this famous lure."

Fishing is grand when you use Prescott Spinners, created by Chas. H. Stapf. His famous booklet, "How to Catch Fish" has just been re-printed. It's only 15c, including a Prescott Spinner to which you can attach a hook. Send for it today.

PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.

Founded by Charles H. Stapp,
Prescott, Wis.

1041 Front Ave. W.

Dr. Paul A. Miles



BEST FOR BAIT CASTING

The Large Type, Ball Bearing, Level Winding, Line Drying, Diecast aluminum, 7 inch diam-

NO BACKLASH

KIST REEL

\$13.95 postpaid

King of the large type
reels for over 25 years
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THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND

New — Hard Rubber
Box—Ideal for fishing
gear and fishing
rod. Made of 1/2"
Vulcanized Rubber.
With shoulder strap.
Waterproof — very
durable . . . will stand
lots of abuse.

Special
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\$3.95

QUANTITY LIMITED — ORDER NOW

No COD please—check or money order.

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NEW TYPE FISHING BOOTS.

Slip on and off like bedroom slippers, like for adults (V) LIGHT, SOFT, COMFORTABLE, with safety straps at top of heel to keep water out. **KEEP ONLY BY M&M** The NEW Don Explorer Fishing Boot is custom made, with sponge inside, with support, shock proof toe cap. While TODAY for free literature and color picture.

DON KEPLER, INC.
Dept. FPG-9 Five Green Hills, Penna.

and Leon Buller both told me that they ordered Campal from you. The next week, Labor Day, 1948, a party of us went to Lake Marion. It rained so much we spent about half of our time at camp. The mosquitoes up there were much hungrier than the fish and kept us from getting lazy doing nothing. I offered to demonstrate to the group that I was a better mosquito biter than the guinea pigs. They all said I was a coward for biting me. So I slipped into my cabin, applied Campal, and sat in the open yard, near an electric light, with my hat off, shirt wide open at the neck and sleeves rolled up to the elbows. The rest of the party watched me enjoying complete rest and ease while they snipped and scratched for half an hour. They all said I was a coward. The Campal and the story was out.

"Campal is not only the best repellent I have ever used but its effect is 100%. There can be no better!"

All of the above is very gratifying to us, inasmuch as our testing department found Campal the most perfect repellent experimented with out of ten or twelve that were used. These experiments have now gone on for a considerable period. Miller told me: "Fishermen will spend hundreds of dollars on equipment to go fishing and then will almost invariably forget to bring a repellent along which only costs so many cents. Yet the whole success of their trip depends on keeping the insects at a distance. Of course they do not carry any along simply because they have found most dopes on the market nothing but total failures."

The above is only too true. The first impulse of the average person checking on a fly dope is to remove the cap on the bottle and give the concoction a

series of speculative sniffs. If it makes your eyes smart and has a powerful citronella stink to it then it is felt it must be good. This, however, is not an. If it were so you could rub yourself with garlic, cabbage after a hard frost, lamburger cheese and tincture of red onion, salt and the insects would descend en masse attracted rather than dismayed by the pungent, irritating plandering. Unlike the old smelly preparations, the new repellent is not dependent upon odor. It has a paralytic action upon the nerve ends of the insect's feet which are extremely sensitive. As soon as an insect approaches a Campal-treated area it is affected by this action, in fact even before reaching the surface of the skin, and promptly veers off. This gives a reason for the old saying, "You can't bite because they can't light." Insects that crawl, creep, come out, or fly into a Campal-treated area are paralyzed and often killed. This has been proved by the fact that ticks have been found dead in trouser cuffs of pants that have been sprayed. And yet Campal contains no DDT, and is not harmful to the most tender skin. This is important because many women would use it if they knew its non-irritating value.

I cannot too strongly suggest the use of Campal by spraying the clothes with the same when going into tick-infested areas. Also when going into areas in the West, as in Idaho, where the spotted fever tick is found, Campal is about the only repellent we have found that will keep it off. Too, as in eastern Arkansas and other sections of the South where the malaria mosquito is something to think seriously with regard to, Campal will be found about the only repellent that will keep these insect at a non-biting distance.

The Fly And Spinner

(Continued from page 2)

use small and light lures. In fact any lure that will not arouse suspicion is here that the fly and spinner will eventually come to the front as one of the most interesting, provocative and productive of lures to use. Another feature with regard to fly rod fishing for bass and other fish, you can carry in a small box or fly book all the lures that you will need for a day of fishing, thus obviating the need of lugging along a tackle box. I have carried with me a thousand lures very few of which I have ever used, since the average bait caster will not use over three or four lures at most.

The question about what sort of outfit to use for fly and spinner fishing is bound to come up at some time or other. That being the case I should like to dwell on this subject more or less thoroughly as it is important. It should be borne in mind that a fly and spinner is somewhat more "hefty" than an ordinary fly, a rod is needed that will have sufficient backbone to project it forward to its destination. No limber rod will do this, therefore the rod should have between good to fair backbone. Some anglers who are fond of the "bass action" fly rod. It is unfortunate that fishermen cannot try out this rod and that one, and this other one in actual fishing. As a rule you try your rod out by jigging it in the sporting goods store and in that jigging motion you notice that the rod is "springy" for the purpose. You often hear it said that in selecting a rod

you should enlist the advice of a fly fisherman (as in this case), or go to some fishing club and get some advice on the subject. Well, as a rule, advice is not present and nine out of ten wouldn't ask for such advice anyhow, so they have to trust to their own perception, and rely on the word of the clerk and let it go at that. Some sporting goods store clerks are skilled fly fishermen and can give you the best advice, but usually that clerk is not too well informed or experienced—and you are likely to get that inevitable bum steer. Too, the strength of your wrist, your ability to handle a rod must be taken into consideration, so really you have to trust to your own judgment much of the time in this selection. In any event your rod must have the backbone needed to flick your fly and spinner out without a feeling on the part of the rod of weakness and inability to work through to the fish on the cast and on the pick-up—the rod measures the worth of a fly rod in the bass field, and especially as casting the fly and spinner combination.

I doubt if there is a type of material equal to the bamboo for a fly rod or in any field of fly casting endeavor. It is a top recommendation. However, one should not forget that there is also the seamless tubular rods up for consideration. Some of these are far too heavy or rather stiff to take seriously. If you obtain a seamless tubular steel rod, let

it be nine feet in length, which, by the way, is about what I would call uniformly successful for fly rod length in any material. The wonder glass fly rod made by Shakespeare is another rod that is probably going to go places in the field of fly and spinner fishing that the fishing world is now embarking upon. It has a splendid action, handles well and is a close approach to what might be termed a perfect rod for fly and spinner fishing.

I never believed in the use of a single action reel for fly and spinner fishing. In the same breath I might state that the single action reel has its failings in any branch of fly fishing in which it is used. If the fish made long runs and a lot of line has to be expended then a large single action, open-work reel with large line capacity might have its good points. As a rule it will be found that the automatic reel, especially a free-stripping automatic reel, has just about everything to recommend it. With the automatic reel you have no slack line to contend with, as a touch on the lever with your little finger takes in the line automatically. Opposed to this you strip your line in when using a single action reel, letting the line fall in coils in the boat or in the water as the case may be and after your fish is landed you then (and only then) use the reel and reel the assorted coils of line onto the reel. At best it is a crude and questionable method.

So far as the line is concerned it should have a soft, flexible finish and should not be of the hard type that falls in coils around you. A harsh, hard line has little if any use in the fly fishing field. The size of the line has much to do with your success in fishing the fly and spinner. For a rod having a pretty generous backbone you will need a C line to bring out the action of the rod. For a rod with a moderate backbone you will find the D line excellent. A light line will not bring out the action of the rod, and if a light line is used then you have to "force the cast," that is, you have to put arm and wrist pressure on the rod to get the lure forward to its destination. Most fly and spinner fishermen use the so-called "level" fly-lines, that is, lines that are of the same caliber throughout their full length. Opposed to this is the tapered line, much of which line may be G in caliber but a portion of its end may be tapered down to a finer point. The value of the tapered line of coarse is that you can make relatively better and more accurate casts with the same. In use the tapered line acts much like a long whip which tapers from a fine point in front to a gradually increasing caliber in back. The heavier portion in back forces itself against the lighter portion in front and the impetus is carried to the very tip and shoots forward with quick speed. Same with the tapered line. Used with both (or either) the level line or the tapered line is the tapered leader which acts more or less in the same capacity as the tapered line. Personally I would say that this tapered leader should be something like nine feet in length or not less than seven and one half feet. Not only does the leader promote ease in casting but it assures a degree of invisibility as between the lure and the line that is of exceeding importance. There are those who might ask if the fly and spinner cannot be tied directly to the line. This cannot be done, never is done and if done it defeats every purpose of the

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The small-mouth bass take the fly and spinner combination in a big way. Here is a sample of possibilities!

ture, You must have a leader for this
sort of fishing. It is a definite "must."

Previously, in another article, I have
stated my preference in hooks for use
in bass flies, that preference being the
so-called O'Shaughnessy bend, flat or
so-called "hand-forged" sides to the
bend of the hook. I must say after a
lifetime use of such hooks in bass flies
that I have been unable to find an
equal to them. They not only hook
well, but they seem to balance the fly
perfectly, eliminating the possibility of
the fly turning from side to side which
is possible in a fly of the sort that has
a hook too light in weight. This may
seem like a matter of little consequence
but it really has some features that
must be recognized. Probably the only
outstanding competitor of the O'-
Shaughnessy type hook is the so-called
Model Perfect hook. It is my personal
belief that the two should be tried out

under like conditions and their action,
as connected with the fly, studied. If
you ever get deeply into fly and spinner
fishing you will want to do this any-
how so you might as well know about
it.

I firmly believe in the red feather tail
to the bass fly as used with a spinner on
a shaft. It may, or may not, be a point
of attraction. I think the former pre-
mise might be accepted. Usually this tail
should be red. Colors and patterns of
flies in bass fishing is a matter as open
to debate as any subject of the same
sort that ever comes up in trout fishing.
One fly might do best in the morning,
while another may do best in the late
afternoon and still another in the eve-
ning. There is room here for much
speculation and experiment. You will
find it the most engrossing study you
have indulged in and one that has
endless fascination!

Mountaineering Mules

(Continued from page 14)

As anticipated, we had more or less
difficulty in getting the mules over
rather numerous pitches. In one case,
however, one of them became reckless,
preferring to go straight down a steep
granite incline rather than around a
switchback. We expected it to break
its neck, but somehow it succeeded in
slithering down without even losing
its footing. Mule fashion, they some-
times balked at tolerably safe places
and went plunging down almost im-
passable ones. Once started, they usually
kept going without a stop to the foot
of an objectionable pitch or chute, some-
times necessitating rather agile side-
stepping on the part of the man hold-
ing the lead rope.

Having eventually gained the margin
of the basin without mishap, we wound
along another undulating glaciated
surface, the lakes now completely hid-
den from our view by intervening eleva-
tions. A devious course led us around
bluffs and past several smaller lakes

of the group which we stocked as we
passed them. The largest, however, lying
immediately at the very base of
the North Palisade, was more difficult
to reach. After going some distance up
a rough way toward the top of the hill
beyond which the lakes lay, we retraced
our course. Presently, however, we dis-
covered a ledge angling up the hill in
another direction. Along this we led
the mules and continued around across
the summit to the rocky margin of the
lake, a circular body of deep, lumpy
blue water several hundred yards in
diameter. Into it we emptied the several
remaining cans of trout fry, a large
percentage of which had survived, de-
spite its grueling trip and the numerous
abort, and one prolonged, stop.

As the afternoon shadows were al-
ready creeping across the basin, we did
not linger long at this lake. After re-
crossing the hill, we picked our way
westward to the base of the rise lead-
ing to the pass. All went tolerably well

until we approached the foot of the incline down which one of the males had sithered in the descent. Two of them, in response to mylatic vagaries, suddenly made a rush toward it and succeeded in scrambling up it, although every instant we expected to see them come rolling back.

Not far above this, one of them shot up along the edge of another incline with a sheer drop of about fifty feet to one side. Almost at the top, it began to totter and then to slide over the brink. "Goodbye, mule," we thought as we watched it go. However, the animal made a "demi-volte," describing a complete half-circle in the air and landing on the rock behind—the most acrobatic feat Harry Halliday, in all his extended experience in packing in the Sierra, had ever seen a pack animal perform.

Meanwhile the other two mules had gone on ahead. While Harry looked after the "acrobatic" animal, I went out in pursuit of the others. Some distance beyond the pass I succeeded in overhauling them as they went along with noses toward the ground like a pair of hounds spying out the trail. I

let them continue to do so until eventually they missed it and came to a halt on the edge of a cliff. After being led back to the trail, one of them kept right on down the side of the mountain, but the other required some assistance in getting over a number of the bad places. Near the foot of the descent, the leading mule stopped above the loose talus at which we had experienced the first trouble in the morning. Over this I led them to the meadows beyond, while close behind came Harry with the "acrobat."

The rather hazardous undertaking had proved a success. We had reached our objective without injury to ourselves, and despite acrobatic proclivities, nothing worse than a few cuts and scratches for the mules. I have climbed hundreds of mountains, but never before, helped "rope" a string of mules over such a terrain, or rather "rockman," as we traveled that day.

"Quite a trip," I remarked to Harry, as he returned to camp after turning out the stock.

"Yes," he replied, "and there are only two men in California who could have made it."

Wexford Nylon Casting Line

By Ben C. Robinson

THIS is a success story! The story about Wexford Nylon Casting Line. It took fifteen years of intensive research and experimentation but we finally have a line that has everything any fisherman ever wanted in a fine line. It wears much longer, absorbs less water, is more flexible and delivers a 13% wet-breaking load bonus. When it was developed, we knew we had the "cracker jack" of all lines. The big thing was to get the dealer and customer nod of approval.

This is how we did it. A leading Independent Testing Company was contacted. They agreed to conduct an impartial test with ten other leading brands of line that could be purchased on the market. This test was conducted with ten samples of each line being used to insure accurate results.

This independent laboratory test was astounding. It went way beyond our expectations. This test found that Wexford wears up to 3 times longer and averages 7 times more water resistant than the ten other lines tested. Samples of all lines were tested on a device which found Shakespeare line is fully as flexible as any of the lines tested.

It often takes several years for a very good product to get public acceptance. Wexford has gained that in just two years. Line happens to be a piece of fishing equipment that every fisherman can easily judge in one season. Wexford now stands on its own merits.

One of the well known Outdoor Writers in his famous column says:

"You've got to hand it to those Shakespeare tackle folks. They just keep improv'n' and improv'n' their products. Shakespeare spent a mound of money in research in casting line and came out with one that is three times longer wearing and seven times more water resistant than ten other lines tested in an independent laboratory. Casts like a

dream because it stays drier longer. My advice is to hurry out and get yourself a Shakespeare WEXFORD Nylon Line."

That's the story of the greatest advance in fishing line performance since Shakespeare Company perfected the level wind reel way back in 1897. The public wants this kind of performance.

Rough Stuff

(Continued from page 13)

I was still lucid enough not to volunteer as an active feeder.

I learned that there are two schools of turtle feeders, the two being distinguished merely by the apparel worn and use of a spiked stick for probing mud, weed beds or any other likely hideout in which the quarry may seek refuge.

Joe is of the old school, searing any and all impedimenta as well as astiduously believing in being fully clothed, the attire including shirt, pants, shoes and even a hat. Bill, on the other hand, uses only enough clothing to keep within the bounds of propriety; skimpy swimming trunks being the usual rule. If the sun is hot he may include a sleeveless jersey. Bill considers the spiked stick an indispensable adjunct because it often enables him to locate a turtle by the sound of its shell when the stick makes contact. Both agree on a burlap sack which they carry looped around the belt. Obviously the sack is for carrying prospective game.

On a sunny Saturday afternoon the three of us left the parked car just below the local waterworks and made for the nearby Shenango River. Meandering leisurely between high, tree-fringed banks and over a bottom consisting largely of mud, the swamp tainted water has its source in the famous Pymatuning Reservoir. A short distance above the waterworks, where the lower

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.021 x .010	1X	3	"
.021 x .011	6X	3 1/2	"
.021 x .012	9/3	4 1/2	"
.023 x .012	8/3	4 1/2	"
.023 x .013	8/3	5	"
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The above leaders are to be had in Green Mutt, Blue Mutt, Dark Green, Shadow, Evening Sky Blue and Amber. Price, 50c per leader.

The 2017/5 (6 lb. top) Old Hutch leader is perfect for use with the LeBlanc-Lincoln Bush fly. The 2019/1X (13 lb. top) Old Hutch Leader is approved by us for the LeBlanc-Lincoln Panfish spinner and fly. Both of these leaders have been tried on these two fly and spinner combinations with excellent results.

Robert Page Lincoln says this of the Old Hutch Leader: "Never have I used a leader more fully satisfactory for every kind of fly fishing. Every fly fisherman in the country should have one . . . they defy comparison!"

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banks made the river more accessible, the two feelers eased themselves into the rather chill water and began getting the feel of the bottom.

Joe almost immediately made for a muskrat den entrance which he spied on the opposite side. Bill elected to work under an overhanging bank held intact by the myriad roots of some soft maples. It's hardly necessary to add that I watched the activities of both from atop the high bank.

Bill eased along rather cautiously until his bare feet became accustomed to the soft, treacherous bottom. "This looks good here," he finally observed as he disappeared under the bank on which

bug snag at the entrance to a small cove.

"Here, this really looks good," he observed brightly. Even my inexperienced eye agreed with his expert observation.

Three or four giant maples brooded at the top of the slope at the far end of the cove. At the foot of the slope Bill suddenly knelt and began feeling about with his left hand.

"Whoops!" he exclaimed as he plunged his other hand into the water. "Here's a muskrat hole and it sure feels hot," he paradoxically added.

As I looked up to locate Joe and tell him about the hot prospects on our side of the stream, I was just in time to see him disappearing around a bend.



This cantankerous patriarch has a disposition typical of all snappers regardless of vintage.

I stood. The otherwise tranquil scene was disturbed only by several water snakes as they plopped into the water from their perches high up on some sundrenched streamside bushes. Incidentally, water snakes are not even remotely related to the venomous water moccasin of the south although most old time turtle hunters believe them to be just that. Be it as it may, all water snakes without exception are repulsive to a degree.

In the meanwhile, Joe had knelt in front of the den entrance and was apparently striving to reach its bottom. "Any luck, Joe?" I called out.

"Yeah, I have a hold of a small one," he grunted, and almost at the same time arose from the water clinging to what looked like an eight or ten pounder.

After climbing the bank with his catch, he looped a stout cord around the reptile's spiked tail and tethered it to a sapling. On his return trip downstream he would pick it up.

Bill splashed about in the shallow water under the bank, presumably feeling all likely spots with his bare hands and probing the mud and weed beds with his iron shod stick. I could scarcely suppress a shudder.

In a few minutes he emerged into the bright sunlight, his balding head liberally besprinkled with mud. "A big fellow played around the water's edge under there," he remarked.

"Couldn't you follow his tracks?" I asked.

"No, he must have taken to the water," he replied as he slowly skirted a

However, in so doing I spied a water snake in the lower branches of a nearby bush going through some queer antics, the reptile seemingly anxious to take to the water but deterred by the close proximity of my unsuspecting companion.

When I again turned to Bill he had located his quarry and was even then maneuvering for a good hold. All but his head was submerged as he deliberately went about his task.

At this juncture the uneasy water snake had worked up enough courage to chance the leap. And leap it did, missing my companion's head by inches. I had looked for the reptile to land squarely on his neck. Anyway, I had mistakenly hoped so.

In a matter of minutes Bill had his victim by the tail, a snapper which compared favorably with his Connecticut Lake catch.

"Here, hold this sack so I can drop this baby into it," he directed. And it was no easy task guiding the spasmodically lurching head into the confines of the sack.

Just as we sat down for a smoke the bushes parted and Joe stepped in on the scene.

"I reckoned you chaps must have connected," said he, nodding at Bill's bulging sack.

"You didn't do so bad yourself," I remarked, observing two bulges in his own sack.

"Yeah, I picked up another on a bar above the bend. And judging from the size of yours," he went on, "we have



Tips on Buying Bullets

By Maurice H. Decker

AMMUNITION is the most important thing you take on a hunting trip. Yet I venture to say less thought is expended on its selection than is exercised in the choice of a rifle. Ammunition is important because it forms the connecting link between hunter and game and the way its bullets act largely determine how successful your hunt proves.

In past years buying cartridges was a simple business. If you owned a high power rifle you just stepped into the store and called for "soft points" because they were standard for killing game. Now we must be more explicit since bullets for the same caliber gun come in not only different weights but different types as well. Present options on bullet form and construction include "hollow point," "bronze-pointed," "soft point" and "controlled expansion point." And two and three different weights are also available for most of our popular hunting rifles.

Some general rules can be observed when you select bullets for any definite kind of game and hunting conditions. If different weights are offered, choose the lightest bullet for pest and vermin shooting. It will have the highest velocity and the flattest path, both of which make long distance hits easier. The medium weight bullets loaded for any certain caliber rifle are usually superior for long range hunting since they afford the best compromise between the two advantages of killing weight and high speed. To hunt big, tough species of game at short to medium range, select the longest, heaviest bullet made for your rifle. Heavy hitting force and deep penetration are important now and you gain both admirably with this size of projectile.

In the matter of bullet construction, the hollow point type expands tremendously and should be selected for pests and vermin because of its terrific shocking power. The hollow point bullet expands easily too and this makes it suitable for long range work where a slowed-down velocity might fail to let other types of bullets expand well. The sureness with which a hollow point mushrooms makes it also good for soft targets (like deer) which present a minimum of resistance to the bullet's point.

A hollow point bullet however won't penetrate as deep as some other kinds and when used on tough fleshed game, the hollow point may only make a bad surface wound. For

this reason some type of "soft" point is better for medium sized game. The regular soft point won't usually blow up on impact and it will destroy less meat in the game. What is known as the "controlled expansion point" bullet is the latest design and is offered for hunting animals with tough hard skins and meat which require a good measure of both expansion and penetration for clean kills. This controlled expansion bullet should usually be selected when you hunt moose, elk and big bear.

As further help, here are specific suggestions to use when choosing from the bullets available for some of our most popular hunting rifles. These suggestions should not be regarded as completely arbitrary because hunters and hunting conditions differ so much and because bullet performance will also vary at times. The advice here however is in the main accurate, being based on actual experience and unless your own observation has shown differently, it can be safely followed.

22 Long Rifle. Despite its small size this rifle is still the most widely used one for hunting. To shoot small game and pests with it, always use the high speed cartridge with hollow point bullet. This is the most effective load you can buy in this caliber and it will give the most humane kills. For plinking at lifeless targets and for recreational shooting practice, you can choose the standard power load with plain solid bullet if you like but I don't advise it.

The difference in cost between the two types of ammunition is so slight you make no appreciable saving. The difference in bullet impact at 100 yards however is noticeable in small game hunting and you will have to move the rifle sights or alter your method of taking aim when you switch from high speed loads to regular power loads. Consequently I recommend that you practice and hunt with the same load and save this trouble.

Any 22 rim fire rifle used only for practice can be fed standard power shells with plain bullets if you wish. By "practice" I mean firing at targets without life. But if you own a good grade target model and shoot in any grade target match, then you regular small bore matches, then you should certainly choose some of the special match ammunition produced especially for target work. All the factories have a special line of match long rifle cartridges. This ammunition costs a little more but that extra cost is trifling compared to the advantage you gain by using it. Precision loads shoot small groups and show more uniformity because



Alvin Zietlow, Jr. of S. Dak. with a coyote shot at 40 yards with a Super-X L.R. 22.

special pains have been taken to make it do this. Target shooters need every possible advantage they can get to survive competition and make good scores and the easiest advantage to obtain is this use of precision cartridges.

22 Hornet. Two bullets are loaded for this speedy small bore rifle, a 45-grain soft point and a 46-grain hollow point. I like the latter for shooting small pests and small vermin. Either bullet is rather destructive for small game like squirrels unless you can hit them in the head but this Hornet ammunition works nicely on woodchucks at moderate range.

25-28. Quite a number of hunters still use lever action rifles in this bore. These men have a choice of high speed or regular power ammunition. The high speed bullet weighing 60 grains should be selected to shoot pests. For small game, however, the regular 68-grain bullet is better and it can be either lead or soft point type. I prefer the latter because it shoots a bit more cleanly in the small bore .25 caliber rifles.

250-3000. Two excellent bullets are supplied for this ammunition with a choice of weight and point construction. The light 87-grain soft point bullet is suggested for pests and vermin and also for small deer taken in open country. It capably blasts vermin and will drop small deer in their tracks if the range is not too long. However you should bear in mind that the game commissions of some states have passed definite laws concerning the use of certain sizes and weights of bullets for shooting deer and any recommendations made in this article that clash with such laws should be disregarded.

The 100-grain bullet in 250-3000 caliber is best for larger deer and for use in timbered cover. It has a deeper penetration and it won't glance off twigs so readily. For small deer taken in brush, choose the open end type of bullet in this size, for large deer select one of the controlled expansion types of bullet like the Silver-tip or Core-lok.

Some vermin hunters who shoot coyotes and crows at very long range believe the 160-grain 250-3000 bullet may be a shade more uniform and accurate at 350 yards than the lighter size and they accordingly use it in their rifles. This matter may depend upon the individual gun being used and a careful test of both bullets is necessary to determine if one does provide any shade of advantage.

257 Roberts. The 87-grain bullet is no longer factory loaded for this rifle because the twist in 257 barrels is cut too quick for such a short projectile and the fine accuracy possible with longer, heavier bullets is not possible. The two bullets still furnished for this rifle weigh 100 and 117 grains. The vermin shooter should select the 100 grain weight because it has enough velocity to fly very fast and hit very hard. The hollow point type is suggested for vermin. To hunt deer in brush, I like the round-nosed Core-lok bullet because of its stability. For long range deer hunting, always use the 160-grain ball in any of the controlled-expansion forms.

The 117-grain bullet made for 257 rifles doesn't seem to be as widely used as its lighter companion. It should prove useful in brush hunting and if anyone wants to try the 257 rifle on game larger than deer, this 117-grain size should certainly be chosen. As to point type, it can be either soft point or controlled-

expansion construction. I don't however regard the 257 rifle as powerful enough for game that's heavier than deer.

270 Winchester. Three different sizes of bullets are loaded for this rifle which is becoming more popular among big game hunters each year. For all but the heaviest of hunting, the 270 is crowding the 30-06 hard. The three 270 bullets weigh 100, 130, and 150 grains respectively and while all have their uses, the 130-grain is the most useful and should in most instances be selected.

Due to its enormously high velocity the 100-grain ball is advised to hunt vermin and it will take care of wolves and coyotes very effectively. The bullet path is so flat that long range shots are possible without making changes in sight adjustment. One really needs a 6X scope to fully benefit from the 270 rifle's ability to kill vermin.

The 150-grain 270 bullet hasn't been tested as thoroughly by hunters as the 130-grain ball, yet it should show some advantage for brush hunting because of its added stability and it is probably our best bet to kill very large animals short to medium range. A Winchester factory bulletin recently suggested this 150-grain bullet for deer, probably because it will destroy less meat due to its lower velocity. If you want to use 150-grain bullets in a 270 rifle, choose the controlled-expansion type of jacket.

For all round big game shooting I prefer the 130-grain ball. It is the best performer at long range and it has killed game as big as moose quite effectively. The Silver-tip bullet is advised in this size. On most game hunts only 130-grain bullets need be carried and they are especially recommended for northern and mountain country where shots may have to be made at very long range. One advantage of this 130-grain ball is the high sustained velocity which is still ample at 300 yards and more to insure good bullet expansion.

An advantage possessed by the 270 and not shared by many other high power calibers is the uniformity of bullet impact. You can fire all three weights of bullets at 200 yards and they will group very closely about one central point. Less allowance in aim is therefore required should you change from one size of 270 bullet to another.

30-30 and Similar Calibers. By similar calibers I mean the 30 Remums, 32 Special, and 32 Remless. All four of these loads are so alike in velocity and hitting force we can treat them as one and bullet suggestions given here apply equally to all. The light 150-grain bullet available in 30-30 caliber Winchester ammunition and made with hollow point is usually chosen when you use a 30-30 rifle for vermin. This load is a good performer on thin skinned targets but is not a good one for deer.

When deer and black bear are hunted, use the regular 170-grain bullet because this is the size that made the reputation of the 30-30. It has a round nose that slips through brush quite well. I like the regular soft point bullet in these calibers for ordinary deer shooting. If any larger game is taken on, then I would want one of the controlled-expansion types of ball.

300 Savage. I like the bronze pointed 150-grain bullet in this caliber to kill pests and vermin. It is also deadly on deer because it hits a hard blow and expands viciously. The hollow point bullet in this size is also a good one for deer. I would stick to the 150-grain weight too when shooting at long range

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because it will retain enough velocity to expand nicely out at 200 yards and more.

When game larger than deer is hunted with a 300 rifle, then you can use the 180-grain 300 bullet, providing the range is not over 175 yards. Either Silver-tip or Core-lokt (controlled-expansion) point bullets can be employed because they are soft enough to mushroom well yet have a reinforced base and jacket that carries on and delivers enough penetration so the wound is a deep vital one and not the surface sort.

30-06. Some very excellent ammunition is provided for this highly effective big game rifle. The 30-06 may be over powerful for deer, especially the small whitetails, but a lot of deer hunters still carry it and especially in regions where mixed varieties of game are apt to be encountered. For shooting deer, the 180-grain bullet with hollow point or bronze point is cyclonic in effect. These deadly projectiles expand tremendously on thin skinned animals and usually bring them down in their tracks. These same bullets should be selected for shooting venison.

180-grain bullet is the all-round 30-06 size and it is also a good one for deer, especially the big mule and blacktail kinds. Soft point bullets can be used in the 180-grain ammunition for such big deer. Hunters who seek game in mountainous country and on open plains including northern tundra regions will find the 180-grain ammunition their best bet. If I wanted to carry only one size of 30-06 bullet, it would weigh 180 grains. This size is also the very best for long distance work. If the target is a larger animal than deer, pick the Silver-tip type of bullet point. The 180-grain bullet is the one when your game license includes tags for several like elk, deer, moose and bear. No matter which species is encountered, you won't have to switch loads in your rifle unless you especially want to.

The 220-grain 30-06 bullet is good for shooting our biggest game at short to medium range. It hits a heavy blow and the fine sectional density (meaning ratio of cross section to length) insures great penetration. Purchase this big bullet in any of the controlled expansion forms. It is not however a good all-round load and not the best for long range. If the range is too great, velocity may drop so low the point doesn't expand well. Some deer hunters use 220-grain bullets in order to spoil less meat in the small target. I have found this unusually true when range is short. I wouldn't however, trust the 220-grain ball to expand well on a soft fleshed target like deer when the range is more than 200 yards.

The bullets we buy today are well designed and give excellent results when we use a little thought in their selection. Modern bullets are so much better than those supplied in past years because they expand more uniformly and surely under different conditions. Yes I hesitate to say any modern bullet is perfect and that further improvement is impossible. There are so many factors that affect bullet performance that bullet designers have generally had to keep many points in mind and then work out the best compromise that would best cover the majority of them.

For instance if somebody builds a thin jacketed bullet that expands nicely on soft meat, that bullet may break up into small pieces when it hits a tougher target and fail to expand

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enough to prove fatal. Bullets that fly into pieces usually make only a shallow or what we call a surface wound. It eventually may kill the game but the animal is seldom recovered by the hunter. On the other hand, if some bullet is provided with a thick strong jacket so it holds its shape and resists any tendency to break into pieces, then that projectile may fail to mushroom at all on soft game and will seldom give a clean kill even if it passes completely through the animal as it certainly will.

Bullet designers have to keep all these things in mind and produce some sort of compromise bullet that will expand surely and also penetrate far enough to prove fatal. The compromise is especially necessary when only one size and type of bullet is loaded for a certain rifle. The bullet designer can do a much better job when there are several different loads produced for one caliber. Then he can design bullets for specialized service instead of all round performance and rely upon the hunter choosing the best type for the hunting he will pursue. This is why our best calibers are supplied with ammunition containing assorted bullets and I doubt if I would ever purchase a game rifle for which one projectile only was made.

Velocity has much to do with bullet performance. One projectile may expand perfectly at 100 yards where its speed is still around 2,400 ft. sec., but out at 300 yards where this velocity has slowed down to say 1,800 ft. sec., it may expand imperfectly or not at all. This factor of range slowing down velocity is very important and should be considered by the hunter when he se-

lects either rifle or ammunition to kill game. Muzzle ballistics are poor indications of what the load is going to do at 100, 200, or 300 yards where game often must be hit.

Future developments will undoubtedly appear in bullet point and jacket construction to make them even more adaptable to varying conditions. Until then we must be content with the kinds now manufactured but this is no hardship. Present bullets are good ones and if we select them with an eye towards their specific use and then if we place them somewhere nearly right on the target, we won't be disappointed or let down.

Practical Dope on the Big Bore

This is the title of a new gun book I have just finished reading. It is exactly what that title infers; thousands of informative facts about rifles, loads, bullets, powder charges, group sizes, comparative accuracy and the actual effect of cartridges on game. Both standard and wildcat rifles and loads larger than .32 caliber are covered. There are numerous illustrations and many tables of ballistics including velocities, energies and bullet drops. The author, P. O. Ness, served fifteen years as Chief of Technical Dept. of The American Rifle Association and this book is in part a collection of the facts discovered by tests made during that time. The material has of course been freshly edited. The 436 pages contain no literary "trappings" and no verbalism, just facts and figures. Published by Stackpole and Heck, Harrisburg, Pa., "Practical Dope on the Big Bore" sells for \$5.00.

Forgotten Gold

(Continued from page 15)

deflects when it comes within a certain distance of metal. Just like a compass needle jumps when you lay it too close to your gun or axe."

Lew's frown had vanished. "Go on," he urged.

"I asked the geologist if he knew where I could get one of these detectors in a hurry. He said the University had one in their science department. So I called them and after a lot of persuasion and a liberal use of the Breckenfield name, they agreed to loan it to us if we make a suitable deposit."

"It'll be darned," Lew exclaimed. "I thought we were up against a needle in a haystack job. But all we have to do is find the island and carry this radar pager around until the needle gets a jolt from the buried gold."

"I'm not sure about a reaction from gold," Charlie replied. "It might not register on the dial but the iron box in which it is buried will. The geologist assured me about that. Either iron or steel or any ore containing iron reacts. I didn't mention gold because I didn't want to stir up any curiosity."

"There's too much already," Lew agreed.

"Somebody is interested. You almost caught him in this room and I'm sure he came to search the trunk."

"Probably was Herrling," Lew grinned. "Or someone working with him." Charlie stared out of the window. The sun had set and night shadows blanketed the gravel paved street. "I hope

nothing happens to Ginny," he added.

"So do I." Lew stood up. "Well, since we hunt tomorrow, I suppose I ought to fix the guns and clean them. What's the program then?"

"We hunt Wednesday. Thursday you go over to Miller Creek on the river and pick up a boat and motor. Get anything else you figure we'll need for the trip. I have a date at the University to pick up the detector. I'll join you at Miller Creek Thursday night. We'll leave next morning for the plantation. Ginny tell you how to recognize it when we get there?"

"Sure. We can't miss the place."

Charlie stepped off the bus in Miller Creek at twenty minutes past five o'clock Thursday afternoon. The town was bigger than he supposed. There were about ten business blocks of stores, most of them handling hardware, feed and groceries and at the far end of the street he saw a bridge with a patch of blue water off to the side. He started in that direction, confident Lew would be on the river. Charlie had only two pieces of baggage, his flat cowhide bag and the case containing the ore detector. That instrument was rather small, weighing some twenty pounds including batteries.

Size and weight however were no indications of its value. Charlie had handled it very carefully since leaving the University. He wasn't taking chances after making the cash deposit of four hundred dollars they exacted.



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A short rutty lane branched off from the street just ahead of the bridge. It led down to a plank dock where loads of varying sizes were moored. Charlie found Lew at the one farthest upstream. Boxes and sacks were scattered about and Lew was sitting them in different parts of a very trim looking aluminum skiff.

He looked up and grinned a welcome. "Isn't she a dandy?" he demanded, patting the gunwale fondly. "Was I lucky. The big hardware store just got her in yesterday. Fourteen feet long and weighs just over a hundred pounds. One man can lug her and she'll slide through shallow water and grassy channels as slick as an otter. All moulded aluminum, never leak or need calking."

"Okey," Charlie replied. "You don't have to sell me. I know something about aluminum boats. Got any money left?"

Lew's grin faded. "Some. That's the only bad part. Gimmy is going to worry if I tell her how much I spent. So I won't tell. But I wanted this boat. I'm going to keep it after we find her inheritance. But I came out all right on the motor. It's a second hand SLP. job. In good condition because I tried it out. I only paid a hundred even for it."

He reached up, got Charlie's bag and wedged it beside a heavy carton. "I have our sleeping bags and air pads of course. My bag and now yours. The two guns and ammunition are over there. I bought a full sized axe and a shovel, one with a long handle so I can lean on it when I'm tired. There's a coil of rope, that always comes in handy. And a tarpaulin only the guy in the store called it a wagon cover."

He took up Charlie's bag and fitted it in a different place. "It won't trim the boat where it was," he explained. Then he went on, "I didn't check with Gimmy on food. I think she will bring some but I got some more just in case. I have pancake flour, canned meat, bacon, grits, red beans, canned milk, orange, juice, sugar and coffee. Also I picked up a couple of useful kit, it's all dime store stuff and we can throw it away when we finish this job. I got a milk can too so we can carry drinking water. And a gasoline lantern."

"Plenty of matches?"

"Three boxes kitchen size."

"Gasoline?"

"Fifteen gallons, more than enough to take us there and back. We can't use the motor much inside the swamp."

"I got some stuff for supper too," Lew added. "I figured we might start off now and eat on the way. Then we won't have to lug all this stuff back to the hotel for safe storage. I paid my bill so I can start any time."

"Shove off then," Charlie told him.

Sharon River had a sluggish current and the little motor pushed them ahead and upstream at a very satisfactory rate. Lew had taken pains in loading and the craft held a fairly even keel. They cruised until sunset, then stopped at a small hummock of high ground that jutted out into the water. It was almost, but not quite an island. There were half a dozen small pines on the crest and the downstream side was gravelly and without brush.

They pulled the boat up there and made it fast. Lew took cheese, liver-wurst, rolls, a pie and a bottle of milk from his bundle of food. After eating they built up a fire of rich pine. The air was damp and penetrating. Charlie spread the tarpaulin out, put their

sleeping bags on one half. The other part could be pulled over the beds if it rained. Lew covered the pasteboard cartons in the boat with their raincoats. Charlie took the one detector to bed with him, laying it close against his mattress pad. The entire success of their quest hinged upon the instrument and he didn't want to run any risk of it being harmed by dampness.

When Charlie awoke in the night, he automatically looked at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. The hands stood at ten minutes past two. He lay quietly listening for a thought persisted on his mind that some unusual sound had aroused him. Lew was breathing heavily and regularly and Charlie reflected over the curious circumstance that while his companion could pick up sounds inaudible to his own ears during the day, Lew would sleep through some pretty disturbing noises at night.

Charlie heard a sound then so plainly he knew there was no mistake. He raised up and glanced down at their boat. It lay exactly where they had moored it earlier but there seemed to be a patch of darker color out nearer the center of the stream. It was moving slowly. Charlie watched it creep away until the light mist that shrouded the water was split by a quick little breeze and he saw the object was a boat.

There was something familiar about the single figure sitting at the center thwart plying the wooden oars. Charlie got up quickly and ran down to the edge of the river. He was almost sure that man was the one they had encountered at the Plumville Hotel and whom Lew had dubbed "Frog Eyes."

But the boat faded from sight before he could be positive in his identification. He searched over their own craft carefully. Nothing seemed to have been disturbed. He tested the stern and prow moorings, both were perfectly solid. Charlie went thoughtfully up the little incline and got back inside his sleeping robe.

When he awoke again, Lew had kindled up the fire and was making coffee. A thick fog hung over their camp and the tarpaulin covering their beds was beaded with moisture. Charlie dressed and went over to the fire. He told Lew what had occurred in the night. "I can't shake off the feeling something was tampered with," he added.

Lew tossed eight slices of bacon in the broad skillet. "If it was Frog Eyes and if he's working for Herring, he would want to block our trip to the plantation. So maybe he disabled the motor. Although that wouldn't really keep us away."

"I'll have a look anyway," Charlie said. He went back to the boat, primed the motor and jerked the starter. It fired at once and idled smoothly. Charlie shut it off, went up to the fire and took the plate of hot cakes Lew held out. He ate hurriedly. "Lew," he said, "I'm going to unload the boat. I still think something is wrong."

Lew grunted. His mouth was too full to talk. Charlie pulled the boat up close and started lifting out the cargo. Every bundle and box seemed in original condition. He moved the last one, a carton of grits and pushed his hand up into the extreme prow space. His fingers touched something silky and smooth. He knew at once he had found it. Looking over his shoulder Lew exclaimed. "Why that's a raw beaver pelt. Just been skinned."



Another Oregon 'Coon Hunt

By Lee Crawford

FOR over a month the icy hand of an unusual winter had held the Willamette Valley in a bitterly cold grasp. Duck lakes were not only frozen over but were solid ice clear to the bottom. Outdoor activity came almost to a standstill. By the first of February, the situation moderated slightly for a few days and in spots water replaced the ice, and wildlife began to move again.

The office routine was interrupted by a phone call.

"Lee? This is Bob."

No more needed to be said. Bob Hoyser with the help of his three hounds, Brownie, Dinah, and Duke, made a confirmed 'coon hunter of me about a year ago (see "Babes in the 'Coon Woods" in April, 1948 issue of *Fur-Fish-Game*).

"Sure, Bob, I'm your boy. When do we leave?"

"Al will pick you up at the usual time. He has a place out by Hubbard where the 'coons are bothering somebody's chickens."

The 'coon population has grown by leaps and bounds in the Willamette Valley in Oregon. So much so, in fact, that the tales of their varied depredations have caused the Oregon State Game Commission to seriously consider putting them on the predatory animal list and removing the protection of a closed season. We generally hunt where some farmer is complaining about 'coon damage, and find that system pays off pretty well, although I am also satisfied that the poor 'coons are blamed for a lot of things of which they are entirely innocent. Take the farmer who insisted that they had killed several of his sheep. I'd need to see that myself before I could believe it.

"Coon hunting again, uh?" remarked Butch, the red-headed secretary who runs me and the office with an iron hand. She had come in just as I hung up. "Now you will be running around all night again, and come back with no special idea of where you have been, or who you have been with. You know very well Mr. So-and-So will be in in the morning. I should think . . ."

"Look, Butch," I replied masterfully, "How often have I told you not to think? Anyway, if So-and-So hunted 'coons he would have a sweeter disposition."

The hunt was on. Wool underwear, heavy socks, ski parka, hip boots, all went into the outfit along with the camera,

flash equipment and two flashlights. The choice of hip boots over leather boots with nails is questionable. Naturally they are heavy to push around and don't give too good a footing, but when you need to cross a creek or go through a swamp, well, that's different. Our own gang don't agree, so make your own choice.

Al was on time, and we were off. Jim Falk, Don Ernest, Claude Bishop, Al Isaak, Bob Hoyser and I made up the party. Individually, we have some claim to respectability, like paying our share of the income tax, and keeping a jump ahead of our creditors, but that night, collectively, we probably were the darndest collection of half-bodies in Oregon—outside of jail.

"Bring your rifle, Al?" asked Bob.

"Not this time."

"You, Jim?"

"Not me."

"Well, you got your pistol, haven't you, Lee?"

"Not me. Remember last time when I had the camera, pistol and flashlight all going at once, with only two hands?"

"Ha!" laughed Bob. "Yes, I do. Looks like a darn good thing I brought this rifle."

At Broadacres, near Hubbard, we met Wayne Traxel. He was the place the 'coons had been bothering.

"Come on, fellows. I saw three cross the road last night, and their tracks are all over the place," was the substance of his greeting, followed by directions to follow his pickup for a short distance.

"Two-bits on thirty minutes, Al?" I hollered gleefully as Bob let out the hounds. This, literally interpreted, meant I would bet 25 cents we didn't get a 'coon in the first half-hour. I seldom won a bet, so I like to make that one. Al called me promptly.

First we tried a small wooded tract where sheep sign was plentiful and the brush was thick. We made a circle without results. It began to look as if my bet was good.

"Let's get out of here and go down by the creek where they come up," suggested Wayne. We crossed the road and plodded out across an open field toward a timbered draw.

"Hold it," from Bob. "Listen."

Far ahead we could hear old Brownie's battle cry, shortly joined by the more soprano voices of the other two dogs.

"Sounds good enough to me," said Al. "Now how about your two-bits?"



The author counting noses in the snow.

"You ain't got him yet," I retorted cheerfully, although I knew the bet was as good as lost.

We pushed ahead, through the fence, across a small creek and up the side of a draw where the hounds were trying to climb a lone fir tree and telling the countryside for miles around that something was under way. Flashlights lit up the scene.

"There is a 'coon, no, two!"

"Two, my goosh, four."

The last count was right. Four sets of eyes gleamed in the reflected rays. It was a wild and weird scene made up of howling dogs and yelling men and well lighted by the shifting flashlights. It was punctuated occasionally by the muscle flash and crack of a .22 or the quieter but more vivid flash from the camera bulb. But for our more modern equipment, the scene might as well have been set some thousands of years ago, when Neanderthal men and their half wild dogs had brought their quarry to bay and closed in for the kill.

Time may have changed the equipment but I suspect that emotions were about the same, both human and canine.

Soon a small 'coon came tumbling down to the waiting hounds, but their job was brief. He was shot through the head. This only intensified the clamor. The dogs knew there were other 'coons, too.

The gun cracked again and again. It was hard shooting in the uncertain light, and my flash bulbs didn't help the situation any, but finally another 'coon came down. Eventually it was jounced by the other two. This time we were not leaving any behind for seed. The farmers waved their cleaned out. Apparently a 'coon once treed has just about one chance, and that is to jump and run while the dogs are busy with one already shot. I often wonder, though, if any smart, old-timers may fool us by holding still in the top of an evergreen tree and keeping their eyes turned toward the tree and away from the light. Maybe I'll find out sometime.

We thought the hunt was over, and were on our way back. Bob had Duke who is always getting into trouble, on a leash, and the other two dogs were following us along. At a fork in the trail, we met another group of hunters and stopped to talk. That is where we made one bad mistake.

The Taylor boys were introduced to Bob.

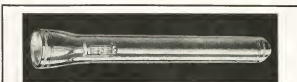
"Aren't you the fellow there was a picture, and a story about in an outdoor magazine?" one of them asked Bob.

"Yes, Fur-Fish-Game," Bob replied, "and Lee here is the fellow that wrote the story and took the picture."

"Say, did you really write that story, or did Butch do it for you?" he looked at me doubtfully.

I was saved any embarrassment in replying by a long drawn out soprano howl from Dinah. She being an inquisitive female, had been prospecting out in the brush. She was immediately answered by Browne who, up to then, had been minding his own business. (Personally, I hope Bob forgets that Butch idea, or at least that he and the red-head don't both bring the subject up at the same time.)

We were off again. This time it was different. Instead of an open field, we headed into a series of broken draws where the situation was further complicated by an old logging operation which had left much down timber, now overgrown with ferns. In the bottoms it was



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either muck or solid ice or both. Remarks about the terrain were picturesque and varied. They interspersed other suggestions like, "Aw, tell your old lady you were 'coon hunting. That will fix everything."

"Look, fellows," I ventured. "We can get out of here. The Williamette Valley is a flat, fertile plain. I read that in a history book."

"Just shows that guys like you who write are nuts," was the cheerful reply.

The trail was cold and seemed to go on forever, with no especial sign of warming up. We plowed through ferns, was high, fell off of logs, broke through ice, and climbed out of one infernal draw into another. Apparently, that 'coon had decided that if we liked his tracks he would make us plenty of them.

Finally the dogs made a circle and Bob was able to intercept them and get close enough to call them in.

Came then a pressing question. "Sure, I know these hills like a book. The car is right over there," from one of our local friends.

"Now, it's over this way! I marked it by the stars and it's right under the Little Dipper."

"I ain't so sure, but I think it's this way."

Bob and I looked at each other. We had made so many circles I didn't have much idea where we were and Bob was in about the same fix, so with nothing better to do, we followed after the local talent who were bending the way, still cheerfully arguing.

Again we crossed and recrossed the creek, climbed over more logs, then out into the open fields and over innumerable fences. We finally ended up in a berry patch that led to a lane, the road and the waiting cars.

"Sure, I knew where we were all the time," bragged the guides.

"Oh, yeah," from Bob. "I'd sure like to come back here in daylight, and find out where we really were."

And I silently agreed with Bob, as we wearily plied back into the cars for the ride home.

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Guaranteeing Dogs

By Carl E. Smith

ONE who raises, trains, sells dogs constantly runs up against the chap who wants "guarantee," which means, in final analysis, desire to be absolved from all the risks of purchase chances. It reminds me of years ago when a man came to purchase a young pair of percheron mares I then had. He asked, "Will you guarantee them to pull?" I replied, "Yes, if I am driving them, or someone who knows how to drive. I'll hitch them to my gravel wagon, drive up to a gravel pit hard to haul from, put on a heaped up bed full of damp sand, and pull out with it, with this team alone. Or, I'll take my log wagon, and drive up into the hills and load a load of logs with them, and come out with it. But to guarantee them to pull, with anyone or everyone driving or attempting to drive them — no, you may be a driver. You may not be. I don't know." Well, I showed him what they could do, me driving. He was himself a horseman, and bought the team, and did well with them. But the off mare was a bit highstrung, and a bit of bad handling could have soon spoiled her. So with dogs.

A point that seems to escape the average thinker is that when a trainer trains a dog to hunt he primarily trains that dog to hunt for him, not necessarily for someone else. Especially is this true of the breeds that are something of the "one man dog" idea. Of course, presumably the trainer trains the dog to hunt and practice of hunting, so he will also presumably hunt readily for his owner, with a little transition period accomplished of working together, and provided the owner also knows something of correct dog handling procedure, a side point too often neglected and glossed over by the mere passing of purchase money and training cost. But the dog knows nothing of this passing of the price; all he knows is that in place of his correctly operating trainer a perfect stranger of perhaps imperfect procedure suddenly takes over, perhaps with the added disadvantage of expecting too much too soon, and being harshly supercritical of any real or fancied lacks. In many cases, after training the dog, it not only takes time for acquaintance with owner and dog, but also time and training of the owner to know how to properly work the dog.

For example, I recall some years ago selling to a man of finance his first hunting dog, a well trained individual from one of our best northern breeder-trainers. This man thought he should be able to take stances out in a field most anywhere, and this rabbit hound "bring the rabbits around to him." It required several letters of detailed explanation to get across to him that this "herding around" could not usually be quite so simple as that, but required some sensible orientation on his part to get himself into the most likely position for a good shot. Also, he at first complained because the dog left him for a short distance to go into and comb thru the best and heaviest cover in which hunting and experience had taught him game would most likely be.

Some of the greater extremes of the desire for "guarantee," for instance, are requests to "guarantee that a pup will make a hunter," can you imagine that? All breeding, the best of it, requires good and careful training. And to try to guarantee performance, regardless of who

trained it (or who neglected to do so) would be a worse bet than trying to guarantee the team of horses to pull, no matter who might drive them, or how.

Others wish a guarantee that a dog or bitch will breed, that a bred bitch will positively have the supposedly forthcoming litter, regardless, or guarantee that services to a certain male will result in a litter (whether the bitch is sent in the right time of her "heat" or not, and they so frequently are not. More often than not they are sent to be bred when not in heat at all, we have found.) Such guarantees ask the impossible; namely, the removal of all the elements of chance. You can't do that, for the unexpected does happen, in all 1st grade kennels, so why not with those that are sold away. One of my best bitches occasionally fails to get with pups, even when given the services of a certain male, three days apart, and even given plenty in the peak and just past the peak of her period, and in the best of breeding condition. After having an unusually fine litter from a certain male, she failed to have the second. The next time she was mated with another male, and for two succeeding litters had fine pups each time, and then missed having the third litter from the same dog for no apparent reason, but she did. Such things happen; and how are you going to guarantee for others what you cannot be sure of for yourself? We just take our luck, as it varies, and try to make it on averages. Others should be willing to do the same. The unexpected does happen. For some curious reason, dog buyers try to reverse the old "caveat emptor" (let the buyer beware), and discarding the buyer's responsibility, adopt "caveat venditor" (let the seller beware.) Perhaps a middle ground of a little of each is desirable. Certainly the idea of expecting the seller to guarantee everything from continued good health, performance to breeding and reproduction, and these after the animal and its handling, feeding, and kenneling have passed far beyond his control, is expecting a bit too much. It just can't be done, practically speaking. Neither is it quite a fair proposition to expect the seller to absorb all the losses incident to chance; in other words, take all the losses on those he keeps, and take all the losses on those he sells. He sells upon the best expectancy possible to acquire. What happens from there on is certainly more likely to be the fault of the new owner, kenneler, feeder, handler, than the fault of the seller beyond whose control or helping the matter has passed. I do not mean the seller has no responsibility; I simply mean it is far from fair to him to expect him to have it all, and for unlimited time.

Queer 'Coon

Two 'coon hunters were trying a new hound not long ago. The dog barked "treed" under a pile of brush at the edge of a small patch of timber. The hunters "shook the animal's eye, and discovered it was something like the they had never seen before. They killed it and next day it was identified as a coon, which is a species of South American beaver, known to the fur trade as nutria. Where did the animal come from? Your guess is as good as mine.



Raising South American Chinchillas

By Fred T. Garner

THIS is the time of year that the Chinchilla breeder looks forward to, for it will soon be time for the first spring litters to start coming. There are a number of preparations one must make in expectation. If the Chinchillas are housed in an unheated building it is necessary to devise some method of keeping the new-born babies warm for a few days after birth. One of the best methods that is used by ranchers who have no heat in the building is to rig up an electric light bulb (a 25-watt bulb is usually sufficient) and place it under the wire bottom floor of the nest box. This is turned on three or four days before

a litter is expected so that the mother will become accustomed to the extra warmth.

It is usually left on five to ten days after the babies are born, depending on the season of the year and daily temperature.

During late spring and throughout the summer when the temperature outside is 70 degrees or more no heat in the nest box is needed. However, if the temperature falls below 65 degrees during the night then heat is recommended. Especially is this true if a litter is expected. Most Chinchilla litters arrive in the cool early morning hours, usually between the hours of five and eight A.M. The reason for heating the nest box is that the female does not make a nest, so if she is carrying more than one young, she hasn't the time nor the inclination to do much toward warming and drying the first born. They must shift for themselves until she is through littering. Although the babies are born fully furred, a warm nest box gives them the necessary protection until they are dry. Unless some warmth is provided there is danger of the babies chilling, which may result in their loss.

One should make every effort to revive a baby which seems to be lifeless from the cold. If the baby is rubbed with a coarse, dry towel and held where it is warm it may revive. The temperature of the nest box should be maintained between 70 and 75 degrees for best results. One should make sure that the heater is working, especially in the nest

boxes of those who are due to litter.

Those having young should be fed some easily digested cereal or breakfast food in the nest box. Either Pabulum or Gerber's baby cereal is recommended. In many cases the young will start eating this when only a few days old.

The babies' eyes should be inspected daily as they may become infected from colds, bites, or from dirt in the mother's fur. If they are closed or contain matter they should be washed with a mild solution of boric acid after which a drop or two of a 10% solution of Argol should be put on the eye.

If the female is trying to litter, her nose will be wet. This comes from her trying to assist the birth by pulling on the young. When this condition exists she should be observed every hour or so to determine if the birth is progressing normally. Sometimes the young are born close together, but at other times several hours may intervene.

One can usually judge from the size of the female whether more than one young can be expected, but to make sure everything is normal the female should be picked up and by gently pressing her body between the ribs and the pelvis one can easily feel if there are any more to be born.

In case the female has been in labor several hours without succeeding in having young it may be necessary to have a Cae-

sarian operation performed. This should be done by a competent veterinarian. Most small animal veterinarians can perform this task without too much difficulty. Such an operation does not affect the fecundity (the power of producing young), and in all likelihood all future litters will be born normally.

Normally the mother Chinchilla's milk supply is sufficient to care for two or three babies without any difficulty. However, sometimes when there are three, and nearly always when there are four young it is advisable to hand feed in order to make certain the babies are getting enough to eat. Hand feeding is not difficult. For the first week or so it is



Four Chinchillas, just 4 days old. These young are all females and are litter mates.

necessary to feed with an eye-dropper; but within a few days the young soon learn to drink from a dish. The four young in the picture are only four days old and are now learning to take supplementary feeding from a dish. They

are all females and are litter mates. They are valued at more than \$1,000.00 (only four days old); therefore any extra care given them at this stage of their development will pay well for they will be worth well over \$2,000.00 before the year is out.

The Angora Doe and Her Litter

By P. N. Sigmund

THIS is the time of year to especially consider the doe and her litter and to carry out an extensive breeding program. Rabbits breed very readily in the early spring and milder weather makes caring for the baby rabbits easier than during the colder months.

Let us assume that you have mated a fine healthy doe and a buck of outstanding quality. The buck used is of the utmost importance as he will stamp his characteristics and quality both good and bad on his offspring.

After the doe is bred, feed her well. The gestation period is 30 days.

A few days before the doe is due to kindle (bear young), give her a nest box. This may be an apple box, a milk can or other similar box. If an apple box is used, cut an opening in one end 6 inches up from the floor and 3 inches wide. Nail a piece of wood across the opening to make it another three inches up so babies can not get out of the box. Make a cover, cutting in about 3 inches at the opening so doe can easily get into the box. When the babies are old enough to leave the box, remove the 3 inch piece of wood so the youngsters can get out and into the box easily. The cover of the box should not be nailed on but should be kept in place by cleats on the underside as it must be removed several times for inspection of the nest. Fill the box with clean, dry straw. The day before the doe is due to kindle examine the box to see that there is plenty of straw in it as does sometimes eat the straw or pull it out of the box. If straw is soiled, replace with clean. If the doe makes her nest on the floor of the hut, let her have her own yard; put boards around it and after young are born, place the nesting and litter into the nest box. See that the kindling doe is not disturbed.

A few hours after the young are born examine the nest after having given the doe a carrot or other dainty to distract her attention. Destroy runts and remove any that are dead. In hot weather a dead baby rabbit will soon poison the whole nest. If the doe has not made a good enough nest of her wool, pull some wool from her underside and arrange the nest deep and comfortable. If the straw to make it soft. If the litter has been laid in the front of the box take out some straw from the back of the box, push the litter back and fill in the front. This is to safeguard against the possibility of the doe's dropping some of the babies on the outside of the box as they sometimes hang on at nursing. Do not use wool from another doe to replenish the nest as does know their litters by the smell and may refuse to nurse the young if wool from another doe is used. Watch the litter for a few days to be sure that no long wool from the nesting gets around the legs and necks of the babies. In case this has happened and a leg has become swollen and dark, sever the wool with a scissors. The limb may look very bad but usually soon becomes normal again.

If the doe drops her babies on the floor of the hut they will easily become chilled in cold weather; bring them into a warm place until active again.

Never breed a doe or buck that has had a serious illness; youngsters may become weaklings.

If doe loses all her young breed her again in a day or two if she is in good condition. If appears that does are in heat at kindling time. Discontinue milk, barley or any milk producing food. Does are in and out of heat every three days.

Foster Mothers (Nurse Does)

The smaller the litter the doe nurses the better those few will develop. Therefore it is a good thing to give some of the litter to a nurse doe. This may be a doe of another breed or an angora which has inferior wool or other less desirable qualities but which are good milkers. You may have nurse does for all the breeding does which produce good offspring. In this case the does can be bred again if in good condition. It is nursing which is hard on the doe, therefore vitality of breeding does is retained by relieving them of the nursing of their litters. Give breeding does a rest during the hottest part of the summer.

How It Works To Use Nurse Does

Breed does which are to be foster mothers a day before the good does.

When young are born destroy the young from the nurse doe and place the other doe's young into the nest.

Averaging the Litters

It is a good idea to breed several does and nurse does at the same time. At kindling time some of the does will perhaps have three large litters and others only a few babies. It is best for each doe to nurse not more than 6 babies.

Do the transferring at noon after having given the mother a carrot to distract her attention. Make a dot (•) in left ear of babies which are put to another doe. If babies from two litters are transferred to the same doe designate with "1", etc. Use special tattoo pen and ink. By night when the doe again enters her nest to nurse the young they will have acquired the smell from the nest and the doe will take care of them.

Wean youngsters at 7-8 weeks. Make tattoo marks in left ear and enter the record in your record book.

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A young 'coon makes a nice pet and a trapper can learn a lot about 'coon habits from one. I had one named "Zip." He was allowed the freedom of the cabin until he swiped my pet pocket knife. After watching him carefully for several days I finally discovered his playthings cached in a pile of stove wood. Many young pups learned their first trailing lessons from this rascal. I am convinced that he enjoyed being chased as much as the pups did chasing him.

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Hints for the Care of Mink Kits

By L. F. Jonas

ALL the care for mink kits cannot be left entirely up to the mother. However, most females will do a pretty good job of it, but many things interfere with what she may do or would have done had she been in the wild instead of a small pen where she had to depend entirely on the assistance she got from the rancher in the way of feed, water, bedding, etc. Very often what she gets may make it quite impossible for her to take care of a nest full of babies. She may have had a food deficiency that could have caused her no end of trouble. She may look good to the rancher, but this does not always mean that she is in top condition and able to raise the litter she whelped. However, if she is in pretty good condition and has 5, 6, or more kits and keeps them as long as a week or two, you can feel quite sure that with a little assistance on your part she will have a good chance of bringing them through with flying colors.

"Personally I would like to have someone tell me what to do to prevent the loss of kits at birth or shortly after. Very often I hear kits in the nest and after a few days they are gone. I have tried to analyze this situation and have done everything I could think of to prevent it but we still have some of this trouble."

Our kit losses after they are a week or two old are very low, so I will try and tell you some of the things that we found that helped us keep our kits in good health to maturity.

Excuse me for getting off the subject, but here is something for thought. One day after whelping time I happened to be visiting a rancher near Oshkosh, Wisconsin and of course the usual line of conversation was on. This rancher was not too well pleased with his increase and he told me of a fellow rancher down there that was quite put out because he only had a 4% kit average that year, he usually had a 5 or better average. So I immediately asked where that man lived; I wanted to find out what and how he fed and cared for his animals. He told me "you can save yourself that trouble. I've been there and he has no feeding schedule." He also told me that his own mink would die if he fed them the same as this other rancher fed his mink. He said half of the time they didn't get fed and they looked like a rack of bones with a hide stretched over them, and sometimes they got only cereal and sometimes dead animal meat, and he would give them the dead fish carp that were in the nets when the Conservation Commission was seining in Lake Winnepigosis. He got them for nothing. Of course, this man had his troubles keeping the kits alive and he was never able to put fur on his mink. Don't you agree that what he was doing might be food for thought? He did get a lot of kits.

Now back to our own kits. One thing we found was that some females never make a good warm nest and they have plenty of trouble to keep them from freezing to death in case of a cold spell during whelping time. So now we help them make a nest. We cut up all of our marsh hay with a hexel-machine, by taking out all but one knife and setting it so as to make the cut as long as possible we get a nice soft

lot of bedding that packs well and makes up a fairly good warm nest. We never disturb the kits unless we see that there may be something radically wrong. In case the mother is neglecting them we farm most of these kits out to other females and in most cases they will come through okay. When doing this we lay the kit on the wire in front of the nest box hole. As soon as the female discovers this kit she will pick it up and take it in with her own. When doing this you must make sure her kits are about the same size. If they are much larger, they may push this little thing around and it may eventually starve or become runted from the lack of nourishment.

We found it a very poor policy to try to put kits in with other litters after they have lost their mother and started to eat meat. We tried this, everything seemed to work out, the old female took them in, but when we got back on the board, these new kits would come out to eat. This evidently made the old female realize that they were strangers and immediately killed them. So don't try that.

Perhaps the best thing a rancher can do to help the kits and give them a good start in life and at the same time save the mothers is something I learned from my good friend August Genette. Last year we were having trouble with our Aleutians. It seemed that the kits were not doing so well, and had to farm some out to save them. It seemed that the mothers didn't have enough milk. Most of them had 3 or 6 kits, some more.

Shortly after I discovered our trouble I happened to be at a meeting of the Wis. Mink Breeders at Milwaukee, where I met Mr. Genette and he told me of a method that he has been practicing for some years. I have since heard Dr. Chaddock tell about being on a ranch in Pennsylvania, meaning the Genette Ranch, during the time when most kits were about half grown and he told of the kits on this particular ranch as being practically full grown. He said it was amazing and could hardly believe his eyes, but there they were, old female and a lot of kits in every pen, the kits being so large that it was difficult to pick out the old one.

I still remember his remark, "Man, how do you do it?" I can very well imagine his astonishment, and you know Doc gets around. Good old Doc! he is a wonderful asset to the mink industry.

Most ranchers will say that the old female will carry enough food into the box for the young, when they are old enough to eat. Well, that is true to some extent, but what about the nourishment they need before they are that old, and suppose she has 7 or 8 kits and not enough milk to supply them. What happens then? Well, you know either some of the kits die or they may all be runted to some extent and very often the old female can't weather the storm and will pass on to the happy hunting grounds herself. Well, this can all be prevented by the Genette. I tried his method in our Aleutians and saved every kit and mother. Our Aleutian Kits were very runted, only about half the size of a normal kit of their age and the mothers were all very thin in spite of all the supplements we gave them. Kits need a lot of liquid food to

make them grow and get a good start in life, sometimes much more than the old female can give them if she has a large litter. Maybe this is the reason why most wild mink are so small.

I don't know just how you can use Genette's method if you use a whirling nest box that has only one compartment such as is generally used for pelicans. But on nest boxes with a vestibule compartment, Mr. Genette suggests to drill a one-inch hole through the side of the vestibule as close to the bottom as possible, then insert into the space a one-inch diameter type of cast-iron water pan, by bending out the sides of the spout slightly that extends into the vestibule, it will stay put. After the kits are 2 weeks old, start filling the pan with skimmed milk. The old female will drink this as well as water from the outside. When the kits get a little older they start crawling out of the nest and when they can crawl they will discover the milk and when they do, you will have to fill it two or three times a day. It is well to fill this cup with water for their overnight supply. Keep this cup clean, remove old sour milk from it. If you do this, you will treat your eyes to a sight that will make you wonder why you hadn't done so before. You will see that you not only do a lot for your kits, you also save the old females.

You can't stop here, as soon as the kits have their eyes open, it is a good idea to change their nesting, so it will not get too hot when the weather gets warm. There were many kits lost last year during that first hot spell we had. I know of one ranch not far from here, that lost over 400 kits in one day. They suffocated in the nest, but with new loose bedding, this is less apt to happen. Some kind of insulation is important, but you will also help, it is important to place some regular milk feed on boards on the bottom of the cage just as soon as the kits come out of the box. And another very important thing to do is to use a type of water cup that can be placed down at the bottom of the cage so the kits find it as soon as they come out. It should never be up high, if they are, it will take a few days after they come out before they find it. By having it at the water they want, it just naturally helps their growth and general health. In this respect, I just can't help but praise our own type of cup because they are placed at the bottom of the cage and the kits don't waste the water and the result is they have water to drink when they want it. And remember it is very important that they have water at all times, especially in hot weather, if you want them to live and keep on growing.

No doubt you have read articles that may be contradictory in regards to when and how to separate your kits. Some will say they leave the kits together until quite late in fall, some leave just 3 in a cage and claim that's the way they get size. They say they eat more this way. Well, I would hate to see our kits eat any more than they do.

We tried all of these methods but always with some degree of N.G. Yes, we had some nice large mink in fall but also too many very small ones. And we also had more fatalities.

The method that proved to be most satisfactory on our ranch was when we separated the hils as soon as we were sure they could be on their own, and we singled them out. I suppose the type of pelter pens used may make a difference, we do not use a nest box and

our pens are so arranged that the man can see the animal pens next to them, this seems to help keep them more contented. We have some pens out in the open but quite well covered, and also have some in closed, but well ventilated sheds. We find the kits do best in the sheds.

We are still on the fence about whether or not pest boxes are necessary on pelter pens. We have, however, come to this conclusion, that when they have pest boxes they eat less and become prime sooner than those without nests. The boxes are made of a very sturdy cleaner and is of better color than those that have no box. This was very obvious in the platinum and whites, and naturally makes them more valuable, which offsets the difference in the cost of feed, and at the same time does not require the extra work of keeping the pens clean. The question of nest boxes may be just a matter of opinion, but one thing is sure: the kits we separate first, always get to be the largest, and it is mighty gratifying to know that we can now help our female mink to pass through their period of incitation without the loss of eggs or themselves. Thanks again to Mr. Genette.

Millet, Corn & Onackers

(Continued from page 11)

number of males; the females are a greater benefit to the hunter on the breeding grounds than in the oven.

Why were we so dead sure these mallards would use this particular field of snow-covered corn as a mess hall when there were any number of other fields to pick from?

Well, we weren't certain about getting shooting, but we did know that if the ducks went out to feed it would be in the field we selected because it was the only one for miles around that had cattle running in it. Now then, when a cow or steer finds an ear of corn it goes without saying that the critter eats it; if it's a large ear they snap it in two, if it's just a nubbin they devour it in its entirety. Whichever the case may be, kernels of corn are bound to be shelled off and the critter's mouth is so designed that it cannot pick these kernels off the ground or snow.

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the wild-fowler.



The author hefts a pair of Canada Geese



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Reed Creek Trapline

By D. L. Raymond

I needed only one glance at the gray sky to realize I had little time left that morning. I had been stringing traps since 3 A.M. and had made only 20 sets, all for 'rats. It was slow going. Making sets by flashlight takes about twice as long as in the daytime, and often they are not as good. I had started setting one of Reed Creek's tributaries, Reed Creek, which is the principal area I trap is about 30 miles east of Kansas City. The surrounding area is farm land and thickly populated. Hence competition is keen. The cornfields which border the creeks make excellent feed for 'rats. This probably accounts for there being quite a few in this country. I prospect early in the fall and ask permission to trap and because I ask, farmers rarely turn me down.

Season opened late in Missouri this year for easy fall trapping, but the 'rats deserved the rest. A skin of ice covered most of the creeks and my arm length rubber gloves were really welcome. I've found that these gloves pay for themselves for they assure warm dry hands and you will make much better sets under these conditions.

As I started out that first morning, I was disappointed, for I found someone had already been trapping for perhaps a week. Investigation showed little need of worry as it was some young boys and their efforts were even more amateur than those of my own. However, I skipped their territory because I imagine they had the 'rats pretty well trap-wise. Their traps ended a short distance down the creek and I began my 48-49 season. Fresh 'rat sign was numerous and at each bit my heart beat a little faster. My first set was a slide but I decided against too many of these because of them freezing up. Most of my sets were in dens where I noticed bubbles going in under the fresh ice indicating a 'rat had recently used it. Many of the dens were under tree roots and one at a stump looked especially good. My favorite spot is under tree roots and I will set them whenever I get the opportunity. It was getting light as I made my last set of the morning under a drift. I glanced at my watch and knew I would probably be late to work. I work in a milk plant and should be at work about 8:30 but occasionally (my boss wonders about this) it is later. As most fellows who work and trap part-time, trapping is a love and hobby.

I was up at three and really anxious to get to the traps. I live in town and have to drive several miles to them. The first trap at the slide was gone. I found the broken stake upon the bank. (This will always be a mystery for none of my other traps were bothered and there was no sign of an animal being caught in it.) It was one of my new B & L Surehold and I hated to lose it. These are by far the best traps I have ever used. I never lost a 'rat in one this year and caught several 'coon in them. My loss was soon forgotten for as I shined my light ahead I spotted two 'rats

floating in sets ahead. I picked up an extremely large one at the stump and the last set at the drift held one. Four out of twenty the first morning, not bad. I like to figure one out of three so I wasn't far off. No time to gloat over my catch though for I had a lot of setting ahead of me. I set another half mile but for some reason 'rats seemed more scarce. A farmer was trapping on his own place so I stopped at his fence. I skipped his place and hit Reed Creek. I set up stream first. Muskrat sign was scarce for a short distance but I made a few 'coon sets which netted me nothing. At one 'coon set under a bridge I caught a 'rat the next morning. There was a shallow pond off to the side of the creek and I noticed there was a family of 'rats living in it. Their dens were in water too deep for my hip boots so I made a couple of run sets. Since I had all of my Surehold traps

out I put two traps together to prevent a 'rat from wringing his foot off. The next morning as I came over the pond dam, I noticed in the moonlight two dark shapes at one of the sets and one at the other. I've caught some ducks, I thought, but turning on my flashlight I discovered to my amazement three large 'coon. They were all held in #1 traps! The two together had pulled the stake and all that kept them there was pulling against one another. I suppose the three had been traveling together. This pond also yielded five 'rats in future mornings so it really paid off.

My line on the tributary was playing out so I moved the remainder of my traps to Reed Creek. Reed Creek is not big and most of it can be waded with hip boots. It is mostly in mountain. Breaking a crust of ice wading every morning really made it hard work. My catches ran from two to six 'rats a day depending on how good a spot I ran into. As I was running my line one morning I found where a 'coon had stolen a 'rat taking the stake and trap with him. I vowed revenge. A set was made for the gentleman using a 'rat carcass for bait and sure enough two days later I had the rascal. I would have preferred the 'rats however.

One farmer complained of having a skunk under one of his barns and wanted me to catch him. I wasn't enthusiastic about it though for the people in town don't appreciate the smell. One morning my car wouldn't start so I used my mother-in-law's. Fate was against me for that morning I caught the skunk. I killed him (I thought) and put him in the trunk. When I got home and opened the trunk, there sat Mr. Skunk very much alive. My mother-in-law raised a bigger stink than that skunk.

I pulled all my traps on upper Reed Creek, and moved them down stream. Here I found one of the best spots I've ever seen for 'rats. Trees and a high bank lined the stream on one side and cornfields on the other, making simple food and cover. The creek was wide and deep here but I was



The author with a two weeks' catch of fur during the 1948-49 season.

able to trap the edges. This particular spot netted me more rats than all the rest of the creek together. And was it fun! Since it took me quite awhile to pull my traps I was able to make only about five sets for the first night. How pleased was I to find three rats in them the next morning. Even then I didn't realize what lay ahead. I got the rest of my traps out that morning. That night was ideal; misty, dark and damp. The creek had opened up making slide sets good. Twelve rats greeted me the next morning! It was almost impossible to carry them. My total for the next four days was well over thirty. This is very good for this territory and the best I have ever done. This held up for over a week as I kept moving my traps. I was surprised to see where a mink had made his way along the stream. Mink are very scarce around here. They enjoyed a closed season in Missouri this year and I'm hoping that it will help bring them back in good numbers. A hard freeze and snow ended my creek trapping. I moved to ponds and lakes on which I had staked the dens and runs for just this kind of weather. I averaged about two rats a day off of these until the end of the season. My total rat catch for the season was 125.

An unusual incident occurred one morning. I was passing a junk pile a couple of days after a snow and noticed tracks where a civet (Spotted Skunk) had apparently dragged something away. Wondering where he went and what he was dragging, I followed. The tracks made a zig-zag pattern unlike those of an animal going to its den. Finally ahead of me, I noticed a dark object in the snow. A civet had stuck his head in a mustard bottle trying to get food and then found he was unable to get it off. Apparently he had dragged it around all night, trying to get rid of it. A sharp blow ended his worries.

"Dogs, and Dogs of Steel"

By Richard Allen Orris

DID you ever trap foxes in a settled section where hunters and their hounds ply the sport? And did you trap foxes without catching an occasional rabbit holed in your trap? If you did not catch dogs under the above conditions, you are indeed a top notch trapper. As for myself, I have had more trouble with the hunters and hounds than Johnny Sneakum, Mr. Poacher, and the elements of Mother Nature combined. Although my troubles with hunters and hounds was no laughing matter, I couldn't help but give out with an occasional horse laugh when the opportunity was presented to me by the all-knowing (?) hunters.

It is early Autumn, the leaves and grass are turning red and gold, the air is getting crisp, and across the hills and clearings, the bay of the hounds can be heard as the hunters are training their sport and meat getters. On my shoulders and back is my twenty-two rifle, and a pack basket with a few fox traps, lure, and digging tools. A female fox fox I had caught a few weeks earlier had become too wild, nearly killing herself trying to escape from the pen I had put her in. So now I was out to catch another female fox for scent purposes, since I had to dispose of the

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other one. I put out the four traps in my pack basket, and after the sets were completed I did a little prospecting for fox signs. Things looked good for fox trapping, even in spite of the four bits placed on their pelts in the Raw Fur Markets. The four dollar bounty placed on their heads by the Pennsylvania Game Commission would make up for the lousy fur price. Plenty of foxes on the boards come late fall, was the chief thoughts in my mind.

The following morning I was disgusted plus, to say nothing of being mad as a bull. Two traps were missing, tracks of two-legged predators around the sets. One trap on a sloping hillside was pulled out, stake and all, and tossed several feet from the set. One set, a bait hole, was undisturbed.

Just before dark the same evening, a hunter returned my trap, but not before cursing me, and telling me to pull in all my traps. The land where my trap caught his hound was open to hunters and trappers alike. I stayed. The following morning I put a couple more traps in the basket, and headed for the woods. I had gone only a short distance along the road, when a fellow stopped his car and asked me if I was trapping foxes near an old cemetery. After telling

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him I was, he immediately set about to tell me that I would have a doctor bill to pay for his Black and Tan which had been caught in one of my traps. I agreed to look at the dog first (although I had no intention of paying any bill in the first place), and then decide what to do. His dog was not injured in any way whatever, so I was all for forgetting about the matter. I would like to add here an incident which I thought interesting. When he asked me to pay the bill for his dog, I told him not until I saw him fined by a Game Warden for picking up and taking my trap. (The trap, incidentally, was on the front seat of his car.) To this he said, "I never saw you or your trap, and my word is as good as yours." I was not getting anywhere and was wasting time arguing with him, so I took my trap and we both forgot about the matter.

A day later another hunter threatened to have me arrested. It seems his hound was caught in one of my traps, so like most hunters who want protection for their dogs, he put up his complaint. He said I was liable for arrest for having steel traps set during the day. He told me I was supposed to set the traps during the night and set them off during the day. This was good for a horse laugh and nothing else. After other complaints, six good collaring traps stolen, to say nothing of threats, I decided right then and there to stop trapping foxes for good.

If the hunters know how to keep the foxes down without using steel traps

they better have the method patented, because I say it is impossible. I have an idea of how the small game hunters can keep the fox population down. How? The same way they have been doing it. First they find a couple hundred eager beaver sportsmen, a couple dozen fox hounds. Then after driving and posting for the best part of the day, they proudly display in the newspapers the result of the day's hunt. Namely, a red or grey fox. Or, if they are lucky, they catch two or three foxes. This is good for a laugh also, if you have a good sense of humor.

I envy you, mister Top Notch Trapper. You are probably a dog-proof trapper. When you stop to think about the matter, you can readily realize, that on a whole basis, dog-proof trapping is as ridiculous and absurd as dog-less hunting. When a trapper is confined to two logical sets for taking foxes, and not dogs, he is ready for the bug house, and if not that, the poor house. At today's fur price on fox fur, a fox trapper has to take a good many more pelts than he did when the fur was valuable. Of course, I am speaking of States that have bounties on the fox. You would have quite a time in procuring your daily bread if you trapped the fox for its fur value alone. You can call me a quitter if you wish, but I've taken all I am going to from the hunters. They can make a sucker out of anybody they want to from now on, but not out of me. At least not any more.

Some Ruses Of Red Reynard

(Continued from page 49)

of steel, and asked me to accompany him on his initial round setting, scenting, etc. For trap chains we used twisted strands of balling wire, fastened securely to the base of bushes. I watched closely as he made the first set, under a small clump of oak brush. Having been accustomed to toe-plushing the wise red reynard in Indiana, he was very careful to completely conceal the wire lead both at the base of the brush and from there to the trap spring to which it was attached. He spent several minutes scraping away the leaves and mold around the base of the sapling, and buried the wire lead neatly in a narrow trench, which he next filled up so as to make the whole set appear as if nothing had been disturbed there recently. When he had finished I commented, "A good set, but these Arizona grey foxes are dumb; they don't mind if the wire lead does show around the tree base."

My guest looked at me searchingly. "I never caught a red one in my life, if I let as much as a speck of the wire lead uncovered," he emphasized. "Well," I returned, "hiding it won't hurt anything in catching the greys, but on the other hand it probably won't bag any more than you would get by not being so particular about concealing the lead, especially where it makes contact with the butt of the bush."

I made a set to indicate what I meant. My friend laughed. But a few mornings later, when he found a grey boy caught there, he admitted, "I never knew that any fox could be so dumb."

Generally speaking, the grey fox inhabits a brushy terrain to a greater extent than does the red. When jumped by fast-running hounds or terriers, the grey will frequently attempt to elude the pack

by climbing, especially if the tree is leaning somewhat, or has many limbs, by which it is able to mount. This habit on the part of the grey oftentimes spells its doom, as the hunter may come to the baying and drop the fox from his lofty perch. I have heard of instances in which red foxes were said to have climbed trees, but I have never seen one do so. They have other tricks up their sleeve.

In those areas frequented by both kinds of reynards, it is generally conceded that the red variety is responsible for the greater number of forays on the farmers' poultry. The latter has a penchant for poultry. Many stories, some true and many fictitious, have been narrated, bringing out the wiles of Mr. Red Reynard on his visits to Squire Brown's chicken house. Somehow he seems to know just when the men folk of the house are away at town or on the far side of the farm at work, or possibly fishing somewhere. By some subtle sixth sense reynard is aware that the newly cut opening along the base of one side of the hen house, although on the surface of things, inviting him to crawl through, nevertheless, to wise reynard there is a nigger in the woodpile. He is not to be caught napping there. Most of us have heard some version of that story in which reynard, who having been shut in with the chickens after a trap door had fooled him, played possum. Squire entered, picked up the limp fox, and when he pitched the crafty fellow on the ground while he busied himself latching the door, the fox suddenly came to life and scurried away.

In the Middle-West, especially at points in Indiana and Ohio, men who have participated in the old-time fox

Trapline Reminiscing

By Amandus Hoffmann

HERE it is November already. The swamp maples have already shed their brightly colored orange and red leaves. The oaks however are still clinging to their rusted red leaves but even they are falling before winter's march. As I watch this taking place I ache to go down to the river and brooks. The river is very low now with the muddy bars and banks showing every move the furbarbers make. Here you see the finger-like print of a 'coon and then again you see the familiar track of the muskrat. This is just what I'd be doing now if it were last year.

This year however I won't be so fortunate to be able to do so. Due to a hip operation I have to use crutches to get around. You can see how inconvenient this would be. On muddy banks and bogs the small end of a crutch would go right down and this would be disastrous as I can't put any weight on my bad leg. Therefore for my trapping pleasures this season, I'll have to turn over in my mind my earlier joys of trapping.

I'll never in my life forget my first real catch. Prior to this my total catch consisted of gray squirrels which stumbled into my traps. One of these froze to death so I took his carcass and placed it in an old lava pad. This I concealed with snow, twigs and leaves. Then I concealed a small No. 0 jump at the entrance. After a few days a good sized weasel got himself tangled up in the small jump. He sure was an angry little cuss. Small an animal as they are they sure are courageous. This one sprang at me with his wicked little teeth snapping away but I soon sent him to happier hunting grounds.

Since then I look forward longingly to each season as only a trapper can. Last season (47-48) was no exception as I was looking towards a good season. Let me describe this territory to you first. It is quite thickly populated except for the marshes and areas flooded by the river. The river itself is about 40 feet wide with a very treacherous mud bottom. It twists very much and has steep banks that drop off into deep water along the majority of the way. This leaves very few spots for den sets as the water is too deep but this proves bait for the 'rats. Along the river this leaves only blind sets around logs, trees, and stumps. There are no food beds along the banks either as it is lined up by oaks, maples, and a few birches. A fact that makes up for this are the meadows on the other side of the trees bordering the river. These meadows stretch out for a quarter of a mile on both sides of the river in most places. These have drainage ditches and brooks that eventually drain into the river. These give the trapper opportunities for a few den, trail, and feedbed sets. It's on these that I string out my traps.

Before the 'rat season started I wanted to outsmart at least one fox which would be quite a feat for this section. I ordered a dozen No. 1½ red spring jumps. These I baited in the usual bark chips to darken and deodorize the traps. Later I took four of these and headed

for a large farm near by. Once there I made a dirt hole set, where a log had rotted to powder. Further on I made a urinating post set at a tall clump of meadow grass. On a ridge I made another dirt hole set concealing the trap the best I knew how. The other was a dirt hole set also on the mound in front of a ground hog hole as I thought it would be hibernating now.

The next morning I took a look at them to find them undisturbed. The next day the first set was unmolested as was the urinating post set. The set on the ridge however was uncovered and sprung forward in the hole. I carefully reset it and hastened to the last set. When there I saw the trap bed hollowed out and the trap gone. Obviously someone familiar with that type of set had stolen it as there was no signs of struggle and the trap had been carefully hidden. The stakes I used were about fifteen inches long and in the firm soil of my territory I had enough of a job pulling up traps with a straight pull, no less have an animal pull it out.

For the next week the set on the ridge was sprung and tilted forward in the hole. I figured I was up against a mighty wise fox as he sure had me baffled, so I picked up the sets. I heard of a fox later on to stop most of these wise old fox. That is to set a carefully concealed trap a few feet from the set. It seems the fox is so concentrated on the regular set he loses caution for another trap which spells his doom, maybe. The day I pulled them up I had a skunk at the set made in the rotten down log.

I can't blame my unsuccessful attempt on the lure I used as it called the fox to the set. I can blame it on the usual beginner's mistakes though. Such as not washing the oil off of new traps before boiling and not boiling long enough to give a good dark coat of stain. To get a good dark stain it is best to let traps acquire a light rust.

Other mistakes happen in handling traps after they are boiled. Some of these, I found out, are letting traps hang near foreign odors and handling them often with bare hands.

Finally December 1st rolled around giving me a chance to get over my anxiousness to get out. My first set was a blind one just down the street from my home. It was at a cement hole about 2x2 and 2 feet deep. This had three tiles coming in at the bottom with a couple of inches of water standing there. When passing by on the road I had noticed a wild duck and I decided from the tiles into the woods so I thinking there was something denning up there. As the water was shallow I used a 1½ that I had used for fox. This I set in an entrance of a tile and covered with water-soaked leaves. I then kicked a mile or so up the river to set the 'rat traps. I usually only set traps at the ditches in the meadows as there are less trap thieves operating there. I came to a small spring fed brook that had a 'rat denning with a bank exit. I set a No. 1 long-spring in the water entrance and concealed it with a 1½ at the exit hole. I learned from past experiences to cover traps with leaves and grass and to push stakes

under the water and conceal them also. If you don't every trap in view will be stolen. The season before I had 25 stolen out of thirty-six.

Down further there were about ten dens closely located but I only set one as I had seven traps stolen there all at once last season. I cut across the meadow to another ditch where I made a few trail sets where 'rats traveled up from the river to feed. Still further on was another ditch where I located a den and three trail sets. Two of the trail sets I had high hopes for. One was where two burches crowded the bank leaving a runway just wide enough for a trap. The other was where the water ran an inch deep and only three or four inches wide. Here I set a 1½.

I then waded the river to get to the meadow on the other side. Running thru this meadow was a very likely looking brook. On this I made den, trail, and feedbed sets. I also made three bank exit sets. These looked especially good as there were well defined trails leading from the hole to where they feed. Along the trail were little piles of 'rat droppings. For dry sets and those in shallow water I use the 1½ jumps as they usually get such a high grip the 'rats can't twist out.

Branching off from this brook was a very small pond that was about fifty feet long and fifteen wide. Where it entered the brook it was just wide enough for a No. 1 trap just as if the 'rats had dug it. I set a No. 1 here and in the pond I set another where a 'rat had been feeding. At the end of this pond was a den at the roots of a maple so I placed another trap there. The only set I made on the river was in shallow water where a 'rat had climbed on the bank.

I won't bother to describe my feelings or thoughts that night as every trapper experiences the same thing when the sets are out. The next morning I looked at my tile set first but it was just how I left it. I then set out for the 'rat sets but they were also undisturbed. It was about six o'clock that night, already pitch dark out, that a car drove in. It turned out to be a neighbor of ours. He asked if I had a trap down the street as there was a big 'coon down there. I grabbed my jacket, flashlight, and a club and rushed out. As I got near the set I could hear the 'coon growling away and when he saw me he let out his trap and all. I ran home and got my 12 gauge, a lone shell I had left from squirrel hunting, plus my dog. I set the dog on the trail and off he went into the underbrush. A few seconds later one heck of a commotion started a short distance away. I rushed to the spot with my gun loaded when I spotted the 'coon climbing a young maple. I pulled back the hammer of my single, aimed dead center, and fired. That old 'coon barely flinched as just about everyone of the No. 6 shot hit the sapling making a hole almost big enough to put your fist in. This shows the folly of having to use a shotgun on 'coon which our state law enforces. The 'coon finally came down and started mixing it up with the dog. Because the 'coon was so much bigger than the dog I ended the fight with a blow of my gunstock. It's against the law to trap 'coon in N. J. but I guess I'm not. I tried to hunt it down with my dog. My father, whom I consider a good judge of weights, figured he'd weigh 35 pounds.

My traps avoided me nothing the next day but someone had strung out some

traps in the best brook. The following day I found my first set, a 1½ coil-spring worth sixty-nine cents, stolen. My third set held a rat at a den. The rest were untouched. The day after that I was looking at the set on the river when I spotted a dead rat not over four feet from my set. I thought to myself, "Why couldn't that rat have stepped in my trap instead of the other guy's?" As I looked closer I saw that it wasn't in a trap but had drifted with the current and had lodged against some brush. I picked it up and noted that the front foot was missing which probably resulted in blood poisoning. This is the reason why we should make drowning sets or if that's impossible, use at least a 1½ for a higher grip. I believe these twist-offs are a total loss as they must die in their dens. The fact that few are retrapped and very few are found would lead to this conclusion.

A few days later while running the line I surprised a muskrat in a ditch. The moment he saw me he dove under some marsh grass that was growing along the bank. Only his tail was in view which looked like a dead blade of grass turning black. I hit him a lucky blow with my stick and then pulled him out. On the other side of the river I killed a rat for the other trapper which was struggling to free itself. I met him later when he thanked me and said he would return the favor if he had the chance.

Now ice started forming, which made conditions more favorable. When the ice formed I caught a couple rats at their land exit dens. The 1½ did a great job of holding these. I caught a rat between the bushes but had to use care in chopping him out as he was frozen in the ice. Below this set I caught a nice rat in a 1½ trap that was in an inch of water. He greeted me with a great chattering of teeth but it availed him nothing. I must have had too much covering on one 1½ as it only caught a couple of claws which the rat promptly pulled out. I caught four more under the ice. Two were den sets and one was a trail set in the brook. The den in the pond got one under the ice, too.



The channel to the pond didn't connect, but for what reason I could not figure out.

Then it happened. It was the day after Christmas when the snow started. When it stopped we had over thirty inches of snow. This turned out to be the worst storm recorded in our state. Try as I might I could not locate but two or three traps. With no treads or bushes to mark my sets I was completely lost. Had I been able to use log stakes, I might have been able to locate them. That would be impossible though, because of the numerous trap thieves.

While out searching for my traps I saw tracks that gave me new hopes for the next season. These were mink tracks where they even investigated holes left by me when wallowing in the snow without the aid of skis or snowshoes. What a tough job that turned out to be. I saw quite a few fox tracks crisscrossing the snow. I believe I saw a set of other tracks. These were about the size of a fox and grouped like a mink with something dragging in the snow. This, I surmised, was his tail.

So concluded a season which up until the snow, seemed to be going to be my best. I hope I haven't bored you too much, me not being an expert or even a fair amateur, but just a trapper at heart.

Keep Away From the Fox

By Ed Phetteplace

DURING the last two years, fox pelts have dropped in price until they are almost worthless.

While I was trapping mink and weasel this fall, I caught a grey fox which I intended to tan. Later during the winter, I got a very large red fox.

While skinning the red fox, I noticed his stomach was all blue and empty. As we have had quite a few cases of rabies in the past few years in this county, I decided to send the head away to be examined.

The report came back in a few days and I was advised to take the Rabies Vaccine, as I had a cut on my hand when skinning the fox.

I had to take a shot every day for fourteen days, at the cost of about \$15 for the shots alone, and \$14 for the doctor. The fox cost me about \$75, counting the work I lost, and a fur buyer offered me fifty cents for the pelt.

A couple of years back ten or fifteen crows died from being bitten by rabid

foxes in this locality. The foxes have decreased and everyone thought the rabies had died out.

Rabies is an acute, specific, 100 per cent fatal, paralytic virus infection. Rabies can only be prevented by immunizing treatment. The incubation period in persons bitten by rabid animals may vary from fourteen days to a year. The average incubation is forty days. During the treatment a person may have a headache, slight fever or nausea.

In my case, my blood pressure dropped down to 96. I became awfully weak, all my muscles ached, I could hardly move my arms, and I had chills and a headache, but that was better than dying with rabies. I also lost a week's work.

I live in Chemung County, in New York State. I don't know as other states have had any trouble with rabies or not, but I do know that I'm going to leave the fox alone, until the rabies have all died out, and the fur prices come up again.

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'Coon on The Creek

By Scotty Osborn

IT was nearing the middle of the afternoon on Nov. 10, 1948, the opening date for trapping long-haired fur animals in Iowa, mink and muskrat season not opening until Dec. 1. Last mentioned being the real money-maker for professional trappers at this time.

My cousin, Gale Singleton, and I proceeded to gather and tag a dozen good traps left over from our last trapping episode of 1946. We couldn't help but comment on the difference in our hasty but methodical departure to string a dozen traps, mostly for 'coon, in comparison to the anxiously and elaborately prepared trap line of '46. We were disillusioned to say the least. In fact, we had gone so far as to estimate our season's catch value before a trap was sprung. Well, that's an old story, but starting out this year I never caught the excitement until we started taking 'coon.

With traps, hand axes and very little else, we made our way to the 'coon country near at hand. At the head of a deep-cut gully we made our first 'coon set. Proceeding down this gully we intersected a creek, there placing another trap. Then, following the watercourse, we made a number of water sets and occasionally my cousin left the creek to check some dens, making sets where opossum were likely to be taken, as we had decided earlier that a 'possum roast was in order, except, I might add, the cook, which eventually made the difference.

I turned to my right up a ravine, leaving the main stream, this in order to make a circuitous route that would take us back on the road near home. While waiting for my partner, who was making den sets, I examined an old set which two years before had brought amazing results. I called it the Nosey Set, where a log had fallen slanting up the hill with a hollowed out space near the bottom end. It so happened that this place had been destroyed by the high water, so I contrived to make one as natural as possible. I suppose I did a fair job of it as I finally attracted and caught the smallest 'coon I've ever seen in this part of the country so late in winter.

Leaving this ravine, we crossed a beam

field and hit another feeder stream. Turning at right angles here, we soon discovered a mass of large 'coon tracks in the center of this leaf and sludge filled creek. I was about to leave this and look for an easier place to make a set but my pard started cutting a stake, commenting that this, given time, would take everything on the creek. He proved correct, as here we caught two 'coon in quick succession.

After we continued on a ways we climbed the bank and investigated a number of ground hog holes. Making a few sets, we then dropped back to the creek, which we followed a short distance to where another road crossed before us. Here we planned to make a culvert set, but the culvert was clogged up, making a set inside, or near, impractical.

Here again Gale proved his skill by discovering a kind of cut-in notch in the steep road bank which at first glance looked to be nothing more than a washout caused from a rivulet of water, but on closer examination was revealed to be a worn game trail. This was such a steep bank that my pardner, after having chopped out a step in the bank to place the trap on, could scarcely keep the leaf covering from blowing and drifting from over his trap. After he had finished, though, I gave my approval for its possibilities. This being our last trap, we hiked the short distance down the road to home and adios until sun-up, which was early enough to run our sets considering most of this land belonged to Gale or his neighbors.

The first morning the trap line disappointed us slightly, but the third day my pardner ran the line bringing in a large and beautifully furred the 'coon which, when completed, will repose as a head-mounted floor rug in my house trailer. This 'coon was taken from the road crossing set last mentioned. Incidentally, my cousin shot it in the eye with my Auto pistol and the bullet lodged in the chest. Therefore, no hole in the rag.

Later I took two 'coon from the middle of the creek sludge set, this also being a proposed set by my pardner. This, plainly speaking, put my trapping ability on the spot.

I had begun to think I was probably a better house painter than I was a trapper, but found very little consolation in this thought. Then, after a rain, I found an excellent crossing made at an angle across a sand bar and through a shallow stream. Here a set was made which my partner predicted would take anything running the creek.

It was cold and clear with some ice on the creek when I hit the trail this last morning. I noticed my crossing set would be first, and upon reaching it I spotted a large old 'coon held fast in it. It was frozen on the 'coon's tail so I disposed of him after admiring his fight to get free.

Walking on up the creek a short distance I caught the flash of color from the corner of my eye and was astonished as I faced a large, burly, growling 'coon ready for a fight. It took a few seconds for the fact to register that there was no set here, but the 'coon was pulling a drag from a set I had made up the creek. I was, of course, intimidated by my quarry for he, as I found out when returning the trap, had actually pulled the pole drag 70 yards down the shallow sand creek, repeatedly trying to climb the bank, without success. I left the 'coon where he was and returned to the house to get a camera. Then I had to drive to the nearest town for some film, but I got a few good shots of him which I'm always anxious to show when the picture album is down. And I add one forget to mention that a No. 7 coil spring will hold the game until you return with your camera.

One of my sets produced a Kit 'Coon next morning, which we marked and turned loose for an experiment. The score stood even now with three 'coon each, so I prepared to leave for California to take up a job.

Ever since I write this story I'm planning for the time when I again can follow the game trails and the heritage of my ancestors.

This Business of Trapping

By Bernard Anderson

There are thousands of trappers throughout the State of New York, ranging from the farmer boy with a few skunk and muskrat traps, and the spare time trapper who traps on the side line from his regular work to the professional trapper spending all his time on the trapline.

It doesn't matter which class we are in—running a trapline is healthful and an alluring occupation, but the fact remains it is the money we make that is of the greatest importance to most of us. Therefore, if we are to continue our business of trapping let us take inventory of our assets and consider a few facts.

For the past several years the high prices of certain furbearers has brought on an increasing pressure of trapping and in some areas these animals are depleted to the point where there is not sufficient breeding stock. If this condition continues we may as well hang up our traps and find a new job.

The Western New York Trappers Association has in the past cooperated with the Conservation Department, Sportsmen's Clubs, and Assembly men for the better Legislation and protection of these furbearers, but we can do nothing unless we work together.

It is true that the New York State Trappers Association meets each year at Porecolake to discuss matters of



Gale Singleton and the author (right) with some Iowa 'coon.

this kind, but a good many trappers are unable to attend. Being that conditions vary in different localities, the Western New York Trappers are holding a convention on June 25th in the Allegheny State Park, Cattaraugus County to discuss conditions in this section.

Canadian Fur Auction

Muskrat was in moderate demand at Canadian Fur Auction Sales Co. (Quebec), Ltd., general sale. Approximately half of the catalog of 61,017 skins changed hands at prices that the salesroom considered unchanged since February.

Top price was \$235 paid for Nova Scotia winter part fall, and top price for spring \$220 for both eastern Canadian and MKR. Several lots of United States winter part fall were included in the catalog and brought a top of \$230. Canadians were the principal buyers.

Prices ranged: Spring: Eastern Canada \$1.18 to \$2.30, northern Ontario \$1.55 to \$1.60, United States \$2.10, Newfoundland \$1.40, MKR \$1.95 to \$2.30, Ontario \$1.95. Winter part fall: Nova Scotia \$1.50 to \$2.35, Quebec \$1.60 to \$1.85, Alberta 96 cents to \$2.10, United States \$1.12 to \$2.30, Newfoundland \$1.55.

Ermine (16,914) was an average collection for the season and was in modest demand at lower prices. The salesroom estimated 50 per cent sold at a decline between 10 and 15 per cent. Top price was \$3.15 for eastern Canada XL which ranged upwards from \$1.65. Mixed XL brought \$1.65 to \$3.10. Others were large \$1.20, med. 95 cents, M-S 76 cents, small 54 cents, gray 40 cents to 78 cents, brown 20 cents, shorttails XL pt. large \$1.65, XL-L \$1.35 to \$1.75; Western Canada XL-L \$1.10. New York and Canadian sealers were buyers.

Fisher (631) was considered by salesroom observers to be 40 per cent sold, at a decline of 15 per cent. The catalog was of moderate quality, and some small dark skins attracted New York buyers who paid fair prices. One extra dark brought a top of \$92 and ones dark ranged \$24 to \$80, while ones moved over a wide range from \$26 to \$60. Large skins sold at \$1.3 to \$25 for 1 pt. 2 and \$7 to \$9 for 1-2.

The auction company reported muskrat 40 per cent sold, no comparison; ermine 45 per cent sold, no comparison; fisher 40 per cent sold, no comparison. Marten were mostly unsold, with the top price \$52 for brown Squirrels (100,406) were officially reported 70 per cent sold, unchanged. Top price for Westerns was 45 cents, for Easterns 20 cents and for mixed lots 31 cents. Canadians were buyers. The article was officially reported unchanged.

Lynx (102) was reported 40 per cent sold, unchanged a poor collection, its top prices were \$15 for blue, and \$12 for 1 pt. 2 XL pt. lge.

Lynx cat (148) was 100 per cent sold, unchanged, with a top of \$2 for 1 pt. 2 XL-L.

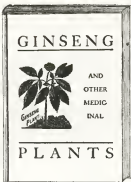
Raccoon, skunk, wolf and timber wolf were officially reported "mostly unsold." Top price for raccoon was \$325 for both Ontario and Eastern Canada 1-2 XL. For skunk the top price was 95 cents for 1-2 black and short and 75 cents for 1-2 long. Wolf sold at \$3.75 for Alberta 1 pt. 2 XL pt. lge. and top price on timber wolf was \$5. Canadian dealers and manufacturers bought lightly of all these items.

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This book contains Thirty-five chapters as follows:

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